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Sunday, Jan. 14, 1940

FLOSSY FRILLS

By Carolyn Wells
Pictures By Russell Patterson

No. 9—SHE TRIES TO BE THE PERFECT NURSE

1—Now Flossy was aware that gout's a most distressful thing
Whose victims have some words for it that poets never sing.
So when she knew his nurse was out she called on Uncle John
And read the riot act to him with reasons pro and con.

2—"You're blue as indigo," she said, "with twinges, aches
and pain,
I fear you've led a sporty life and now it's all too plain
You've got to pay the piper as the best of uncles do.
But I'm the perfect nurse, and I've a perfect cure for you."

3—There came a knocking at the door.
"What's that?" her uncle cried.
"Why that's the cure in human form,"
his smiling niece replied.
"Here's Fred to play a lively tune
and Ted to swing the air
And Holly to amuse you with his
acrobatic flair."

4—"As for your television set, if nothing
goes amiss,
We'll see if it can flash a scene that's
half as gay as this.
So rise, my dear, and try to think you're
only twenty-three.
Forget you ever had the gout and take
a whirl with me."

6—They danced and sang, and then, aghast,
the nurse came strolling in.
"Cheer up, cheer up," her patient called,
"it's my new vitamin.
A little youthful sprit with a dash of
do and dare,
And when the doctor hems and haws,
just ask me if I care."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)



5—"Confound it, Floss," her uncle
grinned, "you surely are a
wow.
I'll do a rumba on one foot,
let's have the music now,
I'll show you how the thing is
done and you can make a bet
There's vim and pep and then
some more left in the old boy
yet."



2

That Ideal Husband!

Mr. Arthur "Bugs" Baer
Interviews —

Virginia Cogswell, The New Blanks, But STILL HOPES

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

**TOOTS: "Few men would care to marry you."
ELLA: "Few men would be enough."**

(The famous Cuthbert Sisters of 1930
"Jay's Merry Soubrettes.")

FEW men have been not quite enough for Virginia Overshiner-Patterson-Stark-Pause for Station Announcement-Blank-Seeger-Gilbert-Kahn-Cogswell-Raymond-Kaplan, who not only married a corporal's squad but mailed the corporal, too.

Virginia Yes-There is a Santa-Claus Cogswell has been happily married and joyously separated nine times since she was a demure sixteen and has developed a philosophy of trial and error that should interest other women to the omph degree.

How is it that Virginia can gross nine husbands, when other equally beautiful and fascinating ladies of purest ray serene are born to blush unseen?

Virginia uses no unfair competition, she is not a gold-digger. In nine times at the bat she was awarded alimony but once and she refused to accept that. She has loved home life ever since she left hers way down in Georgia.

Naturally, Virginia loved some of her husbands more than others and she rates them with three in a photo-finish. Like the annual Kentucky Derby the numbers on their saddle blankets are not the order of their finish:

1—Seeger (Number 4). An aristocratic Englishman who lived next door to Virginia in Atlanta. He watched the first three come and go and then joined the old Village Quartette. But he was thirty-five years older than Virginia and walked with a slight body squeak. She remembers him with admiration and respect. Which is a woman's way of forgetting you.

2—Stark (Number 2). Stark was a traveling salesman from Chicago, smoother than four coats of enamel and could sell paper picnic plates in a forest fire. They met on a boat going from New York to Savannah and the marriage lasted a year. So far as promises were concerned Stark had overruled the factory. But Virginia still remembers him with a bit of a pang even though there is no ping.

3—Kahn (Number 6). Virginia rates Kahn just barely in the money even though he had more than all her husbands in a huddle. They traveled in Alaska, Mexico, Cuba, Asia, Europe and then one day he told her he loved another woman. What's sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander. Another Mrs. Kahn showed up in New York and claimed his American divorce was the Chile con Carne but it couldn't count here. Proving that home life is all right if you keep traveling. They waved goodbye in the rain and Virginia lost another umbrella.

4—Cogswell (Number 7). Virginia still likes his name best of all. He was tall, dark and winsome and he sure did win some wives. There old graduates of Cogswell Seminary kept showing up on Alimony Day demanding postponed instalments on their blighted careers. Cogswell dashed out the tradesman's entrance so often when the front doorbell rang that Virginia finally made a trade. She waited until several exes showed up. Then they marched out all together. Reading from left to right, Annie doesn't live there any more. But Virginia loved and admired the affable Cogswell who couldn't say no to a pretty woman or yes to an alimony order.

5—Raymond (Number 8). A radio announcer who was over the top, Virginia was running a dress shop in Peoria when she met him, fell in love, promised to love, honor and obey him, and Grim Hy Shaker swings that alfalfa knife and was home again in five days. That's not bogie for the course but it's darned good time without the wind at your back. When Raymond wasn't announcing he was rehearsing which is another way of announcing. Finally, Virginia swung the bull by the tail and also made an announcement. Well, anybody can spare five days.

6—Patterson (Number 1). It was her first marriage when she was Miss America. Before that she has been Miss Georgia and the "Georgia Peach" and was prettier than a mountain brook in April. She was sixteen and he was thirty-two. The marriage lasted a year and then went on the rocks like a tired barnacle. Among the reasons that got honorable mention in court was that Mr. Patterson had no idea that good gravy was 110 proof. No bottle blower working overtime ever had one in his face more continuously than Mr. Patterson. When he wasn't drinking from the bottle he used his tongue for the cork.

7—Blank (Number 3). This time Virginia



Husband No. 9, Charles Kaplan, Who Surprised Virginia. Most He Already Had a Wife.

draw another blank. The marriage lasted a day. She got married because she was lonely and divorced for the same reason.

8—Gilbert (Number 5). This was another attempt to cure loneliness, but all it did was cure Virginia of trying to cure loneliness. After a week of Mr. Gilbert she decided that she would just have a glass of beer instead.

9—Kaplan (Number 9). Kaplan, nee Bromley, rates in back of Blank because Kappy was a bit of a bouncer and a cad. He already had a small wife and three smaller children. Virginia met him in an artist's studio under the name of Bromley. There was no diploma with this separation because Kaplan or Bromley matriculated in Bellevue Hospital for some boggle-eyed observation. If it's Kaplan it's a dirty trick to play on Bromley. And twice as versa.

All of which makes a nice grocery list for a little Southern beauty. When she met Fritz Kuhn, the American Fuehrer, she didn't know that he was already married. She finally quit Fritz when she stuck her hand through a pane of glass giving the Nazi salute in a telephone booth.

After asking Virginia about the nine men she married we requested her to name nine men she wouldn't marry.

And, lo, Abou Ben Barrymore's name led all the rest.

Virginia said she wouldn't marry Barrymore because she was afraid it wouldn't last. Here's the list of the nine men they can't carry back to old Virginia:

1—Jack Barrymore. Virginia says she would get tired of seeing the Great Profile pointed full steam ahead right around the clock. Love flies out of the window if you are always looking out of one.

2—Clark Gable. He is two on the black-list but Virginia had a faraway look in her near eye. Maybe Clark is outlawed because he didn't ask her. He sure rates higher than Kaplan, Blank or the American Fuehrer. She might be in a telephone booth a lot but Clark would never ask her to stick her fist through the glass.

3—Robert Taylor. When we asked Virginia if she would marry the handsome Bob Taylor she asked the proposition so emphatically we knew she didn't mean it. Of course, Bob is already married but you can always apologize.

4—No millionaire of any kind. They are too possessive. Virginia wants to marry a hustling, American business man and grow up with the business. A fellow who can make about two hundred buttons a week. When we suggested a man like that would eventually become a millionaire, Virginia said that was different.

5—No traveling man. Virginia wants a home, happiness and children. But don't enclose samples.

6—No dictator. Her experience with the dominating Fritz Kuhn has soured Virginia on totalitarian ro-

Will Husband No. 10 Stand Up to the Requirements of Virginia's Ideal? Or Will He, Like the Others, Be Bowled Over, and Shatter Again Her Hope of Finding the Perfect Husband?



Husband No. 6, Robert J. Kahn, the Only One Who Offered Alimony.



Husband No. 7, Arthur Cogswell, Who Gave Her the Name She Liked So Well She Still Wears It.

mance. It was while fleeing from Fritz that she escaped to Peoria and met the suave Raymond, radio announcer and band leader. In the books you have read how the British soldiers fired and fled.

7—Dale Carnegie. Virginia doesn't want to make any more friends or influence people. So she wouldn't marry Dale. Marriage is more grief than owning waterfront property in a flood.

8—Edgar Bergen. How could you prove it was he who said Yes at the altar?

9—And nobody who has ever been married to Cora Walker-Truxler-Smith-Barnes-Butcher-Crow-Whitney-Porter-Lilley-Swanson-Lilley-Lilley-Yates-La Forge.

For Virginia frowned upon Cora who has had thirteen husbands even though she had to marry Lilley three times to get permanent possession of the trophy. Cora, Virginia thinks, seems to regard romance as an elimination tournament.

If these two ladies ever meet they sure will have a lot of albums to thumb over. In the meantime Virginia has learned a lot from her nine marriages and has had many experiences. One of her exes gave her a five thousand dollar saddle horse for her honeymoon and then left it tied to a pole while they took the train for the coast. The horse was perfectly sober. But the bridegroom was stewed like fruit in a boarding house.

Another loved to put on her lingerie, tie pretty ribbons in his hair and dance all over a three-room apartment. He also had the habit of emptying the garbage pail down the mail chute. When the postal authorities got through with him he could do his entire three-room dance in a dining alcove. With the garbage.

In a breathing spell between her second divorce and third marriage Virginia took a course in Domestic Science at Northwestern University. Her next marriage lasted a day so the course was a success. The nearest she ever came to settling down was when Number Six bought a house next to Rudolph Valentino. That night there was a slight tremor and Number Six

dashed out to meet happy days and prosperity around the corner. He never came back.

Another Number had a beautiful home in the New York suburbs. When Virginia got there she discovered a former wife of his had moved in the day before and married the milkman. No home is big enough for two women and a milkman.

One of her husbands' mothers-in-law ran a beauty parlor and took so much beauty clay out of the cellar that the building caved in.

She bought a wedding ring in a pawnshop for fifteen dollars. An hour later her husband pawned it for ten. You can't get rich that way.

When she married Bromley-Kaplan the telephone rang and a woman shrieked, "Give me back my husband." Then three children sobbed, "Gimme back our daddy." It wasn't a honeymoon. It was John Anthony's Good Will Court.

Fritz Kuhn was so anxious to marry Virginia that the American Fuehrer produced

(Continued on Page 18)

Hopetel
Virginia
Overshiner-
Patterson-
Stark-Blank-
Seeger-
Gilbert-Kahn-
Cogswell-
Raymond-
Kaplan, so Far,
Unable to
Find the
Ideal Man.



CONTINUING its custom of printing the most unusual accidents of the past year, The American Weekly today presents those of 1939—some that were reported by the National Safety Council and additional accounts derived from other authentic sources.

Among the tragic accidents, one of the strangest was the case of a farmer who electrocuted himself with a bucket of water. R. M. W. Cody, who lived near Oklahoma City, was driving his truck down a hill close to his farm when the steering gear broke, causing the truck to crash into a high-tension

In a somewhat similar manner, a truck crashed into a power-line pole near Barstow, Florida, knocking wires carrying 2300 volts across a wire fence. At that very moment, a man happened to be crawling through the fence two miles away from the scene of the accident and got his hands so badly burned from the unexpected jolt of electricity that he had to have two fingers amputated.

But, unfortunately, as it flew into the steeple window the match head scratched against the window frame and was ignited, setting fire to the nest. Spreading rapidly, the flames were soon

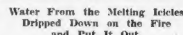


**Fear Tree and a
Kick the Trigger of
Killing It and Shoot-
ough Abdomen.**

While Playing
Boy Accidentally
Hurt
himself in an Old
Was



**Hide-and-Seek, a
Imprisoned Him-
Refrigerator and
affiliated.**



While assisting her husband to get a supply of sawdust to preserve the Winter harvest of ice, Mrs. Henry Burton of Granville, N. Y., stepped in a hole in a 50-foot-high sawdust pile at a furniture factory and started an avalanche that buried her, causing death by suffocation.

Awakened in the middle of the night by an aching tooth, eight-year-old Charlotte Sullivan of O'Neill, Nebraska, slipped on a sudden frost-jostled ice 3-year-old sister, Maureen, who was sleeping beside her. Her small fist tightly clenched, Maureen struck off in her sleep, hit her sister in the mouth and knocked out the aching tooth.

While Playing Hide-and-Seek, a Boy Accidentally Imprisoned Himself in an Old Refrigerator and Was Suffocated.

Woke His Sweetheart Up With A Suitcase of Dynamite



Mary Jo Opened Her Eyes as the Window Panes Crashed. The Suitcase She Had Given Mr. Wyatt Came Hurling Into Her Room. She Ran to Another Room to Call Her Brother, and Then There Was a Terrible Explosion That Completely Wrecked the House. Mr. Wyatt, So the Jury Decided, Had Said It With Dynamite.

SOME say it with flowers, some say it with candy or jewels or a fur coat—but a Texas jury has just found that E. Ross Wyatt, former school superintendent, expressed his love for pretty school teacher Mary Jo Miller with dynamite which he placed in a suitcase and tossed through her bedroom window at 1:20 in the morning.

Awakened by the crash of glass and seeing the strange bouquet come sailing through the window, Miss Miller hastily arose and went to the room where her brother, J. H. Miller, was sleeping in the back of the house. She called to him, "Come and see what this is in my room!"

Fortunately the brother took time to stretch and rub his eyes. Then, just as he joined his sister at the door of his room, there was a terrific explosion and Mr. Miller's little home in Dallas, Texas, was blown to smithereens.

Almost miraculously, neither of the two was hurt. What would have happened if they had gone to look at the suitcase can be imagined from the fact that only a few wisps of the mattress on which Miss Miller had been sleeping could be found.

No traces of the suitcase were found but, just as a girl usually has a good idea of who has sent her an anonymous valentine, so Mary Jo had a good idea of whom to thank for this bomb.

In her 28 years of life there had been only one admirer rough enough to do anything like that. That was the 36-year-old former superintendent of schools and her first boss at Brookeland, Texas.

When Miss Miller pointed a painted finger-nail at Mr. Wyatt, the Dallas police were somewhat shocked, because in their minds still lingered traditions of the old horse-and-buggy days when all sorts of teachers from college professors down were expected to set a good example to their pupils.

However, they arrested Mr. Wyatt, in spite of his protests that he knew nothing of the bombing, and received another shock. Teachers were once supposed to be not only well-behaved but intelligent, yet in his car, when they picked up the educator, was another suitcase, which Mary Jo said had been a Christmas present from her, and in it were 85 feet of fuz such as is used to set off dynamite.

The dumbest of Mr. Wyatt's pupils should have known enough to get rid of that bit of damaging evidence. And he seems to have made several other somewhat curious mistakes, relying for his defense apparently on the magical power of love—and it almost got him free, at that!

The superintendent's trial revealed glimpses of a truly extraordinary love life. He seems not only to have "loved 'em and left 'em" with impunity, but some of the ladies who had enjoyed his fickle favors waited in humble patience, hoping that perhaps some day he might deign to favor them again.

In his hour of need, some of the ladies who had loved and lost him rallied loyally to LeChae Wyatt's defense.

Even his long-suffering wife, though she had been forced to divorce him, did her best to save her ex-husband from punishment.

Thelma Powell, 24-year-old waitress and former pupil of Wyatt's, came forward with a 200-mile alibi, placing the superintendent in the Newton, Texas, cafe where she worked as a waitress at 8 P. M. on the day of the explosion. She denied having "gone with him" while in school but admitted still being in love with him, testifying wistfully:

"We were sweethearts for a year. I loved him but didn't know whether he loved me."

As far as known, the only woman who loved and left the learned Mr. Wyatt was Mary Jo. She said she disliked his cave-man tactics of half-pulling and face-slapping, yet



Mary Jo Miller, Photographed in Court Where She Told the Story of Her Romance That Literally Blew Up—At Right—Another of Mr. Wyatt's Sweethearts, Thelma Powell, Who Tried Vainly to Establish an Alibi for Him.

as with all the others, his influence seems to have lingered until that suitcase "pine-apple" came through the window.

The explosion broke the spell and made her so mad that she told all, except a few things. Some of these Wyatt added in self-defense and the fearful Mrs. Wyatt told a few more, for said long eyes or some such sentiment.

The first witness was Mary Jo's brother, J. H. Miller, the innocent bystander who lost his home and almost his life just because he gave good advice to his good-looking sister. Besides describing the explosion, he mentioned that he had cautioned Mary Jo to keep away from Wyatt because he had a wife and baby.

Yet when she finally followed his advice the result was that the brother had his home taken away from him without due process of law.

The star witness was Miss Miller, who arrived in Dallas by plane from Oak Park, Illinois, where she is a physical instructor. According to her testimony she had gradu-

ated from the College of Industrial Arts at Denton, Texas, in 1931, at the age of 18, and came to Brookeland, where Wyatt was superintendent of the schools of San Augustine County. She obtained a job as teacher and within a week Wyatt had hugged and kissed her.

Three years later she left "because things had become so unpleasant." His parting words were not very pleasant either, being, she said, a threat to "kill both of you if I ever see you with any other man." Once, in 1937, she said he had followed her to Chicago but had not deemed it necessary to kill her at that time.

Cross-examined by Defense Attorney J. R. Bogarte, Mary Jo admitted having discovered that Wyatt was a married man the same week the hugging and kissing began. Then came the following questions and answers, which some persons might have found embarrassing:

Q. After learning that Wyatt was married and continuing to keep company with him, did you feel capable of teaching those young school children in the ways of right living?

A. Some of the students were older than I.

I was only 18 when I started teaching.

Bogarte demanded a yes-or-no answer and got this enlightening reply:

A. Listen, Mr. Bogarte, I didn't go to Brookeland as a Sunday school teacher.

Spectators burst into laughter, and Mary Jo smiled, apparently pleased at the way her "wise-crack" had gone over. Conservative, old-fashioned folk may perhaps derive some comfort from her suggestion that at least Sunday school teachers are still expected to have a moral standard.

The questioning went on:

Q. Did you report Wyatt to the school board for that hug and kiss the first week you worked?

A. No.

Q. Did you slap his face?

A. No.

Because Pretty Texas Teacher Mary Jo Miller Loved Him and Left Him, the Jealous School Superintendent Wyatt Threw It Into Her Bedroom and Blew the House to Smithereens



E. Ross Wyatt, Whose Quaint Notion of Bombing His Former Sweetheart Fanned Him 58 Years in Prison.

Q. Did you like the hug and kiss? A. I most certainly did not.

Q. Then why didn't you slap his face or report him?

A. I wasn't in a position to. I had to hold my job. He was my boss.

Q. Did you ever give Wyatt a suitcase for a Christmas present?

A. Yes.

The suitcase containing the dynamite fuse was produced in court and the witness identified it as her gift. Nobody suggested that she also gave him the fuse, but State Chemist J. H. Arnes testified that it had recently contained dynamite or at least nitro-glycerine. As learned a man as superintendent Wyatt, before that Richard Miles, the Negro who should have studied up a bit on the peculiarities of the explosive he intended to use.

Also, a man bright enough to be an educator should have foreseen that the police would round up E. W. Johnson, of Shreveport, who claimed to have sold a man who "looked like Wyatt" 100 sticks of dynamite after refusing to split a case and let him have a smaller quantity. He might also have suspected that Richard Miles, the Negro who drove him to the explosive magazine, would turn up to confront him.

In reply to other questions, Mary Jo denied that she had gone on a trip to Florida and to various tourist camps with the alleged bomb-tossing. Asked if Mrs. Wyatt had talked to the witness about her friendship with her husband, Miss Miller stated that the wife's only complaint had been about his interest in other women, especially Thelma Powell

and other high school girls. She knew Thelma but denied having said to her as Mrs. Wyatt passed them on the campus:

"She has him now, but she won't have him long."

Once when Mary Jo threatened to tell her brother how Wyatt was bothering her, she says he replied:

"If you tell him, I'll shoot the So-and-So between the eyes when I see him."

Teacher Mary Jo's sad story of passion and terrorism on one side and yielding through fear and desire to hold her job on the other, was severely battered by testimony and letters. Among the letters which she admitted having written were the following excerpts:

"...Your letter came as a surprise. I have read it and reread it so many times that I know it by heart. I will always keep it among my dearest possessions. It is necessary to say each time I read it that my throat contracts and the tears begin to flow. I know you so well that I have no doubt that you meant everything you said."

Others contained these:

"...I feel sure I deserve all I get. If ever a sinner repented of her sins, I did. But I loved you so much I couldn't bear to be with anybody else. I no longer felt that you were mine in every sense of the word."

"I love you so much, you and only you. Somewhere, some day, there will be happiness for us. God, I know, knows how we feel toward each other and will forgive us."

Asked by District Attorney Andrew Patton, who with Assistant District Attorney Jimmie Martin, conducted the case, if any of the letters was written after Wyatt had begun abusing her, the witness answered:

"Yes. You would have written them too, if anyone was trying to knock you down."

The prosecution had some love-letter ammunition, too, including a 27-page one from Wyatt which gave the following mystical account of the start of the violent romance:

"...The inner man told me not to be in a hurry. [This referred to filling the vacancy which Mary Jo obtained.] One day I went hunting in the woods and I was going to meet such a person as you, and I bathed and went to the school superintendent's office. The moment I saw you I fell in love with you and knew here was someone I could put forward in my school work."

According to Wyatt's version the aggression was all on Mary Jo's part and he told of getting out of the office to look for some cushions he had previously left in the woods. On his return the superintendent said he was surprised to find the teacher in the last stage of a solitary strip-tease. Mrs. Lela Wyatt, the wife who divorced him, testified that she had said the following to Mary:

"You are a thief in that you have stolen the affections of my husband, and a robber because you are robbing my child of a home. You came here and found in the last stage of a solitary strip-tease. Mrs. Lela Wyatt, the wife who divorced him, testified that she had said the following to Mary:

"You are a thief in that you have stolen the affections of my husband, and a robber because you are robbing my child of a home. You came here and found in the last stage of a solitary strip-tease. Mrs. Lela Wyatt, the wife who divorced him, testified that she had said the following to Mary:

"I decline to answer and don't have to." Judge Grover Adams thought otherwise



This Was Left of the Miller Home After Mr. Wyatt's Suitcase Had Exploded in Mary Jo's Bedroom.

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The Monstrous Dinosaurs Cooked to Death?

Centrosaurus Was One of the Horned Dinosaurs, a Numerous Tribe. This Restoration May Be Criticized Because of Exaggerated Protruberances on the Fore, and the Introduction of a Fourth Horn Between Those Above the Eyes. On the Right Is Dineobird, Which Means "Double-Measure-Tooth." It Was One of the Most Formidable and Bizarre Reptiles of Its Day.

Vernon Edwards Restorations.

ONE of the greatest mysteries of science is what happened to the dinosaurs, the monstrous lizards that ruled the earth some millions of years, according to evolutionists, before man appeared.

They didn't pass away gradually. Like the famous one-horned shag of Oliver Wendell Holmes poem, they seem to have gone to pieces all at once. Huge rocks out in Utah and Montana are made up for the most part of their bones.

A number of suggestions have been made as to what wiped out these nightmare hordes. Now a new theory has been advanced by Professor Raymond B. Cowles of the University of California. He suggests that about 60,000,000 years ago the earth experienced a long and unrelenting heat wave.

The dinosaurs, just couldn't take it. They were literally cooked to death.

Like their remote descendants, the snakes and lizards of today, the dinosaurs were cold-blooded. They could not control their own body temperature the way warm-blooded birds, mammals and people do. Their temperature was ordinarily the same as that of the surrounding air.

One popular theory has been that toward the end of the Age of Reptiles, the climate changed for the colder. At this lowered temperature, it was thought, the dinosaurs became more and more sluggish in their movements, just as molasses gets stickier in January, and finally fell easy prey to their quicker-moving enemies.

But according to Professor Cowles' suggestion, the reverse may have taken place. It is known that through the ages the climate of the earth has changed greatly. For instance, our own grandfathers can testify that the Winters of their day were colder than those of recent years, and at the moment the world is still apparently getting warmer.

Much greater changes occurred in the past. The world went through periods of great cold and periods of great heat. There were the ages when much of the earth was covered by glaciers and ice caps, and there were other ages when nearly all the globe baked in the blistering sun.

Professor Cowles bases his new theory on the dinosaurs' cold-bloodedness and on the changes in the earth's climate. But instead of figuring on one of the cold periods as the cause of their extinction, he thinks that their troubles began during a prolonged heat wave that lasted for centuries. He builds up his argument with his observations of those present-day survivors from the dinosaur age, the lizards.

Professor Cowles has studied snakes, lizards and birds in Africa, where he was born forty-three years ago, and in the United States. He is the same man who recently exploded a number of traditions by announcing that toads do not cause warts, that bats are not attracted to human hair, and that ostriches do not bury their heads in the sand when frightened.

Observing the lizards of the hot Southern California deserts, not far from the Los Angeles campus where he lectures, Professor Cowles believed he had found the vital clue to the disappearance of the great reptiles. He noticed that, although the lizards liked it warm—warmer, in fact, than the temperatures at which human beings are comfortable—when it got just a little bit hotter they simply couldn't take it.

Most of the reptiles in this hot region, he



Hypsilophodon, a Small Active Dinosaur Averaging About Five Feet Long, and a Tree Dweller. Restoration by Vernon Edwards.



Uncovering a Dinosaur Leg in a Utah Deposit. The Photograph Shows How These Great Reptiles Would Have Dwarfed Man.

In a climate that had changed for the hotter, they could find no relief.

Some of them apparently sought refuge in the swamps and lakes—but the water dried out from under them. Perhaps that is why the bones of many of these extinct monsters are found in great heaps on the sites of prehistoric swamps.

If that is the real reason for the dinosaurs' disappearance, it is interesting to know that human beings are much better equipped to withstand changes of climate. When it gets too hot we sweat, and thereby cool ourselves off. The cold-blooded dinosaurs couldn't push perspiration through their thick hides. And although we no longer have the fur that our progenitors had to protect them against the cold, we have used our brains to build and heat homes against the stiffest of Winters, and to provide clothing with which we can venture into the frigid Arctic.

With the protection of heated jackets and oxygen, our fliers can enter the stratosphere, which no life ever reached before. And so, even if the earth should undergo another great change of climate, the Age of Man would probably continue. For humans are adaptable, can change their environment to suit themselves. The big but brainless dinosaurs failed to do anything of the sort. When the conditions that supported them changed, they could do nothing to save themselves. Only their fossil footprints, eggs and bones remain to tell the tale of the Age of Reptiles.

Dinosaurs in countless numbers once inhabited every continent of the earth—and they have left their bones and footprints behind to prove it. In a Colorado coal mine has been found the impression of a three-toed dinosaur paw measuring a yard across; the length of the creature's stride, as indicated by the distance of the next footprint, was fifteen feet.

Immense skeletons stand today in the halls of our museums, reconstructed by skilled scientists out of bones carefully excavated in the Rocky Mountains of the United States and Canada, in England, in Bohemia, in Central Asia, and elsewhere.

Some of the lizards of today are the small-fray survivors of some of the great ancient reptiles. And so Professor Cowles felt justified in applying the result of his experiment to the monstrous lizards of old, the dinosaurs.

"If these forms," he says, "were so noticeably susceptible to the lethal effects of high temperatures as our most heat-loving desert species of today, they could scarcely survive exposure to the direct sunlight of a hot Summer day."

Lizards and snakes can find shade, crocodiles can cool themselves under water, but the mannot Brontosaurus, Tyrannosaurus, Allosaurus, Centrosaurus, Hypsilophodon, and the rest of that terrifying tribe were too big to seek shade under a rock or even a tree.

Science's Newest Suggestion of What Wiped Out, Apparently All at Once, the Hordes of Nightmare Creatures That Ruled Earth Ages Before Man



The Vicious Dryptosaurus, From a Painting by Charles R. Knight Under Direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn and Copyrighted by the American Museum of Natural History.

like a modern kangaroo.

Altogether different is the crawling Scelosaurus, his back humping with spines like the tank barriers of Europe's Western Front. The fighting Dryptosaurus is shown in a reproduction of Charles R. Knight's painting, which is copyrighted by the American Museum of Natural History.

But the dinosaurs shown on this page are only five among the five thousand different types that are known to have flourished in the Age of Reptiles. There were dinosaurs that swam, dinosaurs that crawled, dinosaurs that walked with huge strides, either on two legs or four, and reared their long necks above the tree-tops, and dinosaurs that had wings and could fly.

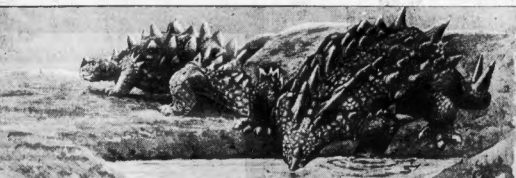
Some were no bigger than a chicken. Some were as much as thirty-eight feet tall and more than one hundred feet long.

Some scientists have thought that low mentality led to the end of the dinosaur era. The dinosaurs were heavy on bones but light in the brain. An average adult man, with his three-pound brain, has about one pound of the precious gray matter to fifty pounds of body. But the largest dinosaurs had only a few ounces of brain per ton of body.

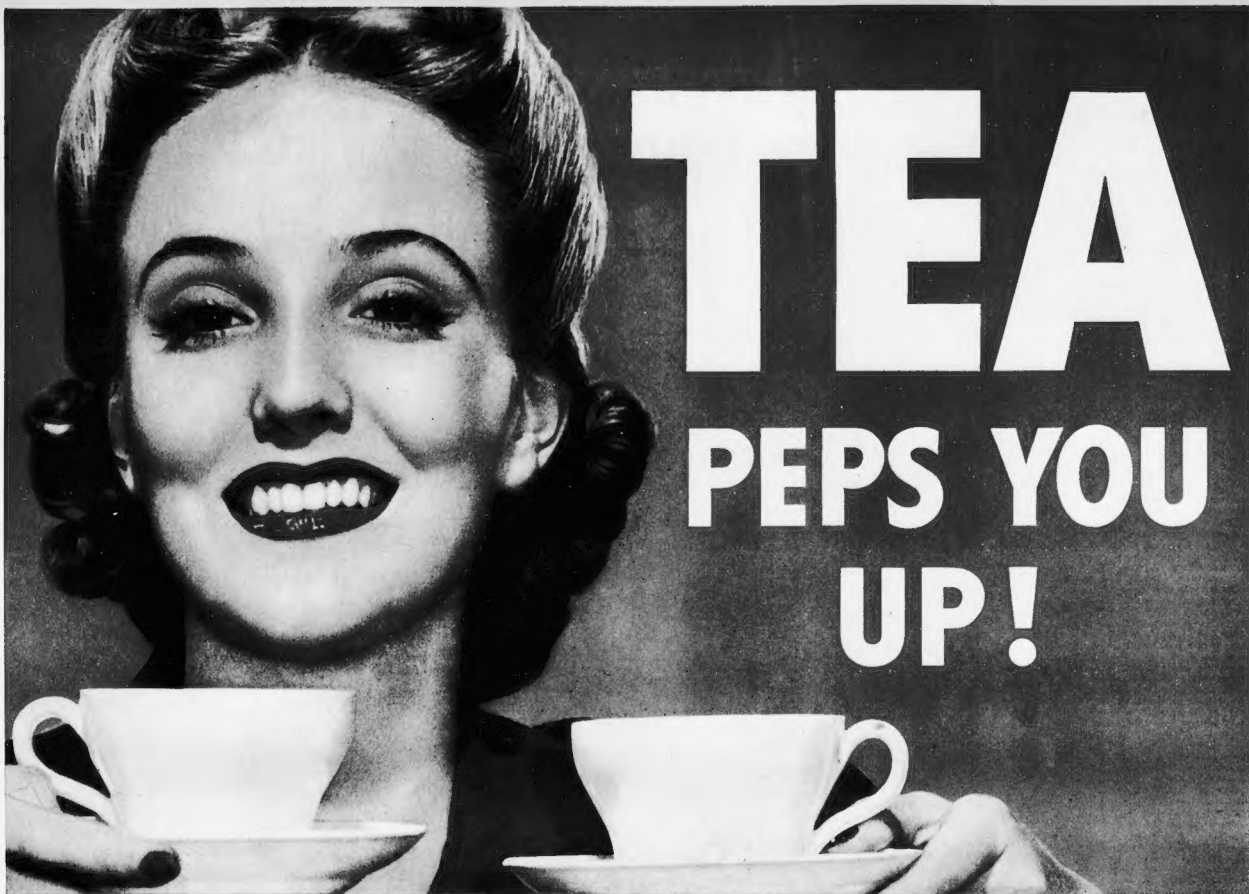
As a matter of fact, the dinosaurs had a larger bundle of nerves at the rear end of their spines than at the head end. They had a sort of second brain between the hips. It was a nerve center to guide the huge hind legs and the evading and balancing of the long and heavy tail. This strange set-up has caused much comment, including the following verses by the late Bert L. Taylor, who wrote of the dinosaurs:

"...No problem bothered him a bit. He made both head and tail of it. If something slipped his forward mind 'Twas reacted by the one behind. And if in error he was caught He had a saving afterthought. Thus he could think without congestion Upon both sides of every question."

But even counting the rear-end section, the dinosaurs were highly deficient in brains. Many have argued that this is the reason why they perished. They did, however, manage to rule the earth for more than 100,000,000 years.



A Vernon Edwards Reconstruction of Scelosaurus, Which Resembled an Exaggerated Horned Toad About 18 Feet Long. The Plates of Its Skin Probably Were Not as Spikelike as Shown and the Animal Walked More Erect.



TEA

PEPS YOU UP!

— and 2 cups cost less than 1¢

(THE CHEAPEST BEVERAGE NEXT TO WATER)

Watch your PEP these cold, blustery winter months

THIS is the season that lowers folks' zip and "go." Damp, penetrating cold. Changeable weather. People feel the effects of "winter let-down." It's a good idea now to drink plenty of good, hot, cheering tea.

Tea is man's great winter friend. Tea warms the stomach. Tea gives you vim. Tea helps to "charge up" your batteries... puts you on the main track! Millions praise tea for this. Scientists who have studied many beverages say that "Tea Peps You Up." Tea is good, and good for you! Easy to digest. Doesn't cause that feeling of nervousness. A sure-fire hit with the young folks. At night tea lets you sleep. And tea is as economical as it is delicious. For one pound of good black tea makes 200 cups—just think, two cups for less than a penny!

IT'S AS EASY AS A-B-C TO GET A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

A. Always use bubbling boiling water and pour it on the TEA. **B.** Use 1 teaspoonful per cup, plus one for the pot. **C.** Steep to any strength you prefer. (Most people who use cream or milk choose a 5-minute brew.)

GOOD TEA COMES FROM



THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS
ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED
TO THE AMERICAN
TASTE. FOR ECONOMY
AND FULL ENJOYMENT,
BUY QUALITY TEA.

6 GOOD TIMES TO ENJOY TEA

BREAKFAST — TEA GIVES YOU A QUICK PICK-UP — AND IT'S SO EASY TO DIGEST.

AT 11 A.M. — TEA HELPS YOU TO WORK BETTER, THINK FASTER.

LUNCHEON — FOR A GOOD AFTERNOON'S WORK, LET TEA PEP YOU UP.

AT 4 P.M. — SO REFRESHING — TEA CHASES AWAY 4-O'CLOCK FATIGUE.

DINNER — TEA TASTES SWELL AND MAKES FOOD TASTE BETTER.

EVENING — ENJOY TEA FREELY — TEA LETS YOU SLEEP.

RECIPE FOR CHASING CHILLS. Add a bowl of hot soup to your meal, whether eating out or dining at home. A good suggestion you may not have thought of is one of the choice, unusual kinds, such as the utterly delicious cream of mushroom soup shown at the right. Tempting? You bet! And as good as it looks. Throughout the meal, enjoy all of the good, hot, cheering tea you want—the delicious, protective winter drink.



New Research Into Ways to Ease the Tension of Modern Living, and, Among Other Things, Quiet the Housewife's Strained Nerves, Make the Tired Business Man Less Tired and Keep So Many Policemen From Killing Themselves

By IRMIS JOHNSON,
Research Expert and Science Writer.

NEARLY every grown-up today is struggling for something. It may be wealth, fame, or just a means of keeping body and soul together, but whatever its purpose there can be no doubt that such struggle has turned this old world into a place of high tension—tension so great that many people are cracking under the load.

A word of warning and a suggestion of help comes from one who has spent many years not only investigating the causes of physical and mental strain, but developing ways to overcome such trouble. That person is Josephine L. Rathbone, Ph.D., of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

Dr. Rathbone's advice might be summed up in one word: "Relax."

"Easier said than done," is an answer which is bound to come from the lips of many harassed individuals.

But Dr. Rathbone is a practical person and not only says "Relax," but shows people how to do this intelligently in a special course which will be given at Teachers College this Spring.

Explaining why relaxing or resting the muscles may help relieve other bodily or mental troubles is part of Dr. Rathbone's job—something she has learned by working with people.

Medical doctors know that worry or an unhappy mind can aggravate diseases such as stomach ulcers, arthritis and perhaps even cancer. Dr. Rathbone's theory suggests that nerves and muscles under continuous strain, if they do not actually cause worry and unhappiness, may help to keep an already troubled mind from getting better, as well as endanger the health of the individual.

The old idea of "mind over matter" played up the fact that the mind often can rule the body, but there is another side to the story. Dr. Rathbone points out that the condition of the body has a definite reaction on the mind.

Everyone knows how a toothache can keep a person from concentrating on other problems. Tense nerves and muscles may react something like that painful toothache.

While the new course at Teachers College is designed to help overworked teachers keep their calm and collected and also give them the ability to teach children how to relax, its scope really is much wider. Business men, housewives, stenographers, policemen—people from every walk of life—are invited to come in and learn how to "let themselves go" in order that they may lead a healthier and happier existence.

It may seem strange to take a policeman off his beat for a few hours and train him in the art of resting his muscles. He is supposed to be top in physical fitness.

But recently in New York City, and perhaps elsewhere, there have been many suicides among policemen. The suggestion is offered that over-strenuous exercise, the strain of constant watchfulness and even fear of a hawking-out or something worse from higher up may be prominent among the causes of these suicides. Policemen who know how to relax completely and do it at intervals each day probably would not be troubled with an urge to end it all.

The business man, even in these hurried times, need never become a "tired business man," according to Dr. Rathbone. If he only will take a few minutes now and then to simply slump over his desk or sit quietly with his hands in his lap. While he rests his muscles in this way he had better rest his mind too and not try to save time by going in for a lot of mental gymnastics.

"No matter how heavy a man's responsibilities he need not be weighed down by them," says Dr. Rathbone. "If he is sane in his activity and relax his body from time to time, he will attack his problem with renewed vigor and actually accomplish far more by the end of the day than if he drove himself as some men do."

The way Dr. Rathbone goes about teaching people to relax is fairly simple. Everyone in the relaxation class gets a review of why the body has so many muscles, the use and misuse of these muscles and how to make the body get the most work done with the least effort.

Then, in the clinic, these ideas are put into practice. Each "switcher," baker, candlestick-maker or other individual is checked up to find out how well or poorly he or she knows how to relax. The first thing every class member must learn in the clinic sounds very simple but often proves difficult. It is how to be still with all muscles resting; then, how to tell the difference between the feel of a muscle that is tense and one that is relaxed.

After that comes the job of learning to rest the body, not as a whole, but on the installment plan. People who stand up like ramrods with shoulders held tense are taught to drop the shoulders and let the arms hang heavy. This doesn't interfere with balancing the body or walking but lets shoulder and arm muscles rest while the legs may be attending to the job of getting the person to the next place.

Individuals who go about their work with a perpetual scowl are taught that wrinkling the brow doesn't help in the least to get anything done. The forehead muscles might as well be resting.

Such practical suggestions can be of help to every busy individual. In between the time he takes out to "slump at his desk" even the most hurried executive always can be resting some part of his body if he takes a little

thought about the subject. The housewife, hanging out the clothes, will find washday much less of a strain if she uses only the proper clothes-hanging muscles. The typewriter will be less work-wear at five o'clock if she refrains from such useless muscular activity as gritting her teeth, twiddling her fingers or wrapping one foot around the other until she feels all tied up in a knot.

In the Teachers College relaxation class it will be more or less up to each man or woman to overcome his or her own particular muscle-using and nerve-straining faults—once these faults are discovered. Dr. Rathbone and her assistants will help by checking up and offering suggestions. But, since the class probably will be divided into groups of two each for this work-out, each learner will have a partner to help him win the various rounds with obstreperous muscles.

The case-hardened, but muscle-bound lawyer, should one register for the course, may be helped along the road to relaxation by his friend the banker. The teacher who distractively rumpled her hair while trying to solve a knotty problem may be helped to overcome that habit by a co-worker who has an equally tense way of tapping her foot while she works.

Many of the class members no doubt will have to work on such simple things as standing and sitting the right way, or walking without putting unnecessary strain on the muscles. For good posture is just as important to health and happiness, according to Dr. Rathbone's theories, as it long has been in the minds of physicians and all physical educators.

But Dr. Rathbone finds that some so-called "good postures" may be worse than that everyone admits is a poor posture.

Discussing what commonly is called poor posture Dr. Rathbone says, "The type of posture which they have described as the result of fatigue and also as the cause of fatigue approximates the senile stoop due to weak muscles. It has been conceded that improper posture affects all organs and the spine, and in the case of the respiratory organs, decreases the amount of available oxygen and the elimination of carbon dioxide."

"It has been claimed that in 'poor posture,' general circulation is impeded; the abdominal organs are forced down, the work of the liver is interfered with, causing jaundice, and the spleen is affected in a manner to cause anemia (loss of red corpuscles in the blood)."

"But," says Dr. Rathbone, "the danger is not only in skeletal slumping of the body segments, but also in tense muscular holding of the body segments in whatever position is assumed."

So, the man who sits absolutely erect in his chair with every muscle tense, as if he is ready to spring, may be doing more to bring on bad health and nervous breakdown than the fellow who sits on the middle of his spine with his feet on the desk or cradles his body of oxygen by slumping and crowding his lungs. Of course continued slumping and stooping are not recommended either.

The man who stands erect by throwing out

his chest and vigorously pulling in his tummy may be doing his lungs a favor by giving them plenty of breathing space but the bodily result of his tense abdominal muscles may be at least as bad as that caused by too tight lacing.

Members of Dr. Rathbone's class will learn how to get around both of these difficulties by learning to hold themselves erect without so much muscular effort and nerve strain, and by learning to relax completely every now and then.

Sometimes Dr. Rathbone finds that these queer, tense postures are due to some emotional upset or unhappiness. One woman whose case this expert studied was unusually tense in all her muscles. She was unattractive and her life was drab. It lacked the normal companionship that every man and woman needs to make life complete. The unhappy woman shared an apartment with her brother but he had been out of work for months. Instead of having a little bit of love and care this woman spent all her life working for others. She consulted her doctor and finally came to the clinic at Teachers College.

Here it was not her unhappy mind but her rigid body that was put through a course of training. Slowly but surely the woman responded to the relaxing treatments and went out much better fitted to attack her problems and solve them.

Another woman, one of the perpetual fretters, came in with arm muscles all tense. Life had her almost beaten. She didn't expect anything to do her any good and, in fact, she didn't even care to get well. Relaxing treatments helped.

The woman, too, to look at life from a new angle and go on with a less doleful spirit.

Another important suggestion of Dr. Rathbone is that knowing how to relax and doing it may add years to a life.

"There is no doubt," she says, "that numerous deaths of men and women in the prime of life are due to hypertension. Had they learned early in life to relax, the strain upon their systems and hearts would have not taken place and they would have lived longer and enjoyed life more."

The groundwork for such some untimely deaths from strain, or the suicide that may follow in the wake of tense living, sometimes may be laid soon after birth. The baby naturally is relaxed, says Dr. Rathbone. He isn't worrying about making a living. He isn't in

Do You Know How To Relax?

The Place to Start Relaxing, Says Dr. Rathbone, Is in Babyhood; With the Regularly Cared-for Baby, Tension Is Delayed, Giving It a Better Chance for a Normal Life When Grown Up.

The Ancient Greeks knew perfectly how to combine exercise and "fluidity" of muscle.

Jumping and Leaping, Though Seemingly Strenuous, Can Be Modes of Relaxation When the Athlete Knows How to Get Rid of Tensity.

lot can be done for the adults who hurry and scramble through this Twentieth-Century existence if they only will adopt the way of relaxation, the best place to start is with the youngsters.

Children often are allowed to play too hard or too long until they are worn out and fretful. A short rest period from time to time during the child's day may help him form so strong a habit of relaxing that it will be lifelong and keep him from break-down and continual troubles when he has to face grown-up problems.

Kindergarten and nursery schools throughout the country have such times for resting when the room is darkened and each child lies quietly on a cot or on a mat on the floor. Mothers easily can arrange for similar regular rest times at home.

Even the ancient Greeks, who believed that the body should express beauty in action and gesture, started teaching muscular control and body balance in very young children.

One painting from an old vase now on display in the British Museum shows a tiny toddler being put through his paces. The mother waits with outstretched arms some distance away while an instructor follows the child, pointing out with a long stick the straight line in which the child is to walk.

As the youths of that land grew up they gained in physical prowess and perfection of bodies. The Greek athletic games were displays of strenuous activity and great endurance. But a glance at the picture of the Greek dancer on this page shows the ability to relax even in action.

According to Dr. Rathbone, proper relaxing not only keeps people from getting fagged out in the daytime, but also helps them to be able to sleep naturally at night.

Proper habits of "letting go" should allow anyone to lie down on a bed, let the bed hold the body firmly and fall asleep in a few minutes.

In spite of the good ease Dr. Rathbone makes for relaxation as a means of making life easier for people, she does not claim that learning to relax is a panacea for all ills. She merely stresses the evidence that many strains of hurried living can be righted by that little periodic "slump" and that it is important to learn to use only the nerves and muscles that are needed to do the job in hand.

Body Balance Without Rigidity—So That "One Part of the Body Can Rest While Another Part Works"—Is One of the Secrets of Relaxation.

a clever to get somewhere on time. When feeding time comes, his food usually is ready. Similarly his other wants are taken care of promptly.

But, sometimes a careless nurse forgets about the food. An untrained mother frightens the baby by not holding him securely in his bath or some other mishap occurs. Then even this calm little bit of humanity gets into a state of tense nerves and muscles. The baby cries and struggles. If this happens too often there is danger that here may be the beginning of the bad habit carried on into adult life of getting tense when things go wrong instead of controlling nerves and muscles with the will.

Dr. Rathbone's suggestion is that while a



Count Berty's Visit to New York, Supposed to Be an Official Secret, Had Been Mentioned in a N. Y. Paper. There Was No Doubt in His Mind as to the Source of the Leak. He Recalled with Delightful His
Hilarious Time Along the River Last Night With That Charming Blonde.

coughin' in

By
George F. Worts

man had vanished. He had been standing near the girl, and now he was nowhere to be seen.

"I was utterly devastated," Medkin went on. "One of the best friends I ever had was Dr. Logan. I understand you were the last person to see him alive."

Peter said: "Yes, so they tell me." And he guessed that the cowboy had been talking to Professor Medkin. And he wondered why the foreman had suddenly vanished.

"As a matter of fact," Medkin said, "you are one of the very few men I ever allowed inside the laboratory. Tell me, did he seem apprehensive or worried?" His richly sunken face had settled into the long lines of grave, sympathetic interest, but it seemed to Peter that his pale blue eyes were staring hard, and his impression was that this man was restraining a seething curiosity.

"No," Peter said. The blond man shook his head sadly. "It was frightful," he said. And Peter nearly watching him, wondered where he had seen him before and what the circumstances had been.

Medkin said very calmly, "Have you any reason to suspect that Dr. Logan and Mr. Ketzler weren't killed by an accidental explosion?"

Peter wanted to take his time answering. He wanted to watch the mammologist's eyes. But Sandra Page broke in: "Mr. Storm found that Mr. Ketzler bought eight boxes of dynamite in Las Vegas yesterday and had them loaded in the back of his car. We just tried open the back and it isn't there. We've been trying to find out what happened to it, but no one seems to know anything about it."

The blond man looked at her a moment, then returned his pale blue eyes to Peter Storm's hard, brown, thoughtful face. His expression, Peter decided, was the appropriate one of astonishment, but his eyes were still with repressed questions.

"That's very interesting," he said. "And quite mysterious. I'd like to have another look at that wreckage."

They crossed the cattle guard and started toward the crater. Medkin said: "But Ketzler was killed in that explosion?"

Sandra Page, looking up at him, nodded. "Yes, it doesn't make sense at all. But he bought the dynamite and loaded it in the luggage compartment of his car, and he drove out here, and the dynamite has vanished, and they say there's hardly enough left of both of them for one decent burial."

The blond man was shaking his head. He was walking beside him, his hands clasped behind him. He wore a pale-gray shirt and white duck trousers and white canvas Oxford shoes. He was looking at Sandra Page with his head inclined attentively.

"Have you any theories at all, Miss Page?"

"I MIGHT have been working with someone else," the girl said, "and whoever it was double-crossed him."

"But isn't that a bit far-fetched, Miss Page? Why should there be a plot to kill an innocent and harmless scientist?"

Looking up at him steadily, she drawled, "It's really a mystery, isn't it, professor?"

They passed through a crowd of eighteenth-century under a large black willow. For several seconds they were in the dense shadow cast by the tree. Emerging from it, Peter saw Sandra Page a few feet ahead of him, but not Professor Medkin. He looked behind him. He still did not see the blond man.

The girl stopped and turned. She said, with surprise, "Well, where's our little party?"

The rest of the group under the tree moved out into the moonlight, but Professor Medkin was not among them, and he was not under the tree.

Sandra Page called: "Professor Medkin! Professor! Where are you?" But the blond man did not answer. She laughed softly and said: "Want that cuts Mr. Storm? It's done with wires and lamp-black."

She had seized Peter's nearest hand, and for a moment he wasn't aware of it. Then he felt her warmth reaching up into his hand, and he angrily tried his hand. She wasn't aware of it or of his hand.

She was smiling. "Did you see that cowboy vanish in a wisp of purple smoke? Did you notice the foreman sliding away on a moonbeam? Did you observe how readily the professor transformed himself into a puff of steam? Shall I borrow a broomstick and go riding across the moon just to round things out?"

Her eyes were huge and dark and glowing. "Well, Mr. Storm, where are we?"

"He is no professor," Peter said. She said indignantly, "Perhaps you're right, but I think he's as baffled as we are."

Peter looked at her for several seconds before he said, "I think we're dealing with smart people." He was sure that this girl was one of them, but she fitted somewhere

"powder!" Peter insisted. "I don't know what for." "We aren't aiming to do any blasting," the cowboy drawled.

Is anyone doing any prospecting in the mountains?" Sandra asked.

The two men stared at her face, pale in the rising moon. They stared so long in silence that Peter Storm guessed that the same strange loveliness in her voice that had attracted him in the Boulder Club had set their desert minds to wondering.

"No," the black-eyed one answered. "Nobody goes to the mountains," the red-eyed boy continued.

"That professor might," the cowboy muttered. Tom Allan said scornfully: "What would a rattlesnake be doing with eight cases of powder?"

"A what?" the girl said quickly. "Rate," the cowboy said contemptuously. "He's on a year's leave from an English college. He claims there's a hundred and eighteen varieties of rats around here—more kinds of rats than anywhere else, he says."

Peter Storm found something in the cowboy's voice that disturbed him. Or perhaps it was those pinpoint of yellow light in his eyes, collected from all the lanterns of the stars. Something eerie. Or perhaps it wasn't the cowboy or his voice or his eyes, but the desert night.

A ghostly wind stirred the long plumes of a weeping willow. The bottom of the valley, beyond and far below the corral, was the color of bleached bone. And beside the moon, a dark cloud with a silver rim flickered ominously.

He felt the faint stirring of hope. He believed now that the blowing up of the laboratory had been a carefully planned job and that someone had the logotype formula. And if someone had it, he must know how and out who.

"How long has he been here?" Peter asked. "Just since yesterday," the foreman replied.

The cowboy said: "You were here this afternoon. You came in a big gray convertible with New York plates. You were the last one who saw Dr. Logan alive."

"What's his name?" Peter asked. "John Medkin."

"A friend of Dr. Logan's?"

The cowboy shrugged. "I wouldn't know." Sandra Page put in: "You didn't see him this afternoon, did you?"

Peter shook his head. He was out hunting rats all afternoon, the cowboy said.

"Or of Mr. Ketzler's?" Peter said softly. The cowboy's eyes were half-closed and his mouth was sullen. He drawled: "I don't know anything about his friends."

"What happened to that dynamite?" Peter persisted.

The cowboy seemed to sway toward him. "I reckon I don't know anything about anything," he said. His antagonism, Peter supposed, could be dismissed as typical of the reluctance of these desert boys to answer pointblank questions. They preferred to squat on their high heels, draw designs with twigs in the dust and discuss matters obliquely.

Peter glanced at the foreman. "Did he seem to be an old friend of Dr. Logan's?"

The foreman's inflamed eyes were grow-

ling narrow, too. "I wasn't there when they met. Dr. Logan put him in the cabin up by the pond, and the two of them spent most of last night drinking Scotch and telling stories."

Was Mr. Ketzler with them?"

"No, sir." "Did you see Mr. Ketzler (and Professor Medkin) talking together at any time?"

Tom Allan hesitated and said, "No." Sandra Page said: "Peter was watching Peter from the corner of her eyes, and she seemed suddenly alert, as if she had sensed all the undercurrents he was sensing."

"What's Ketzler's car?"

"Outside the main gate," the foreman said. "I'll show you."

"The keys aren't in it," the cowboy said. "I know," Allan said. "I'll get a wrecking bar."

As they started toward the main gate, Sandra Page said: "What's it doing outside the main gate?"

The cowboy muttered, "Sure. That's what I said."

"Did he usually leave it out there?" Peter asked.

"No, sir."

THE cowboy accompanied them part way, then dropped behind and vanished in the gray light near the ranch house. The foreman took them to the workshop, where he secured an octagonal steel bar about two feet long, curved and fashioned into a claw at one end.

They went on to the main gate, and crossed the cattle guard into the desert. Simon Ketzler's maroon coupe was standing beside a narrow road which wound into a gravel wash between the points of two hills and vanished toward the mountains.

With the wrecking bar, the foreman pried open the lid of the locked luggage compartment. Except for a spare tire and a tool kit, it was empty.

Peter said: "When did he use this car last?"

"Yesterday."

"When he came in from town?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean, he left it here and walked in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see him unload anything?"

"No, sir."

"Is there a night watchman?" asked Sandra.

"No, ma'am, but Dr. Logan was often prodding and sometimes he worked all night in the laboratory."

She said: "If Mr. Ketzler brought dynamite, he'd be hiding it during the night, and you said Dr. Logan and Professor Medkin were up all night."

The foreman stared at her. "The foreman said: 'Where does this road go?'"

"To our dump pile. It's a little black canyon."

Did Mr. Ketzler ever leave his car here before?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know why he left it here all night and all day?"

The foreman hesitated. His lower lip was slightly projecting and his eyes were still fixed on Sandra Page's face.

"I asked him this morning if he'd run out of gas. He said no, he'd lost his glasses in town and he was afraid to go over the cattle guard, it's so narrow. Then I said

if he'd give me his keys I'd run it in out of the sun, and he said he'd mislaid his keys."

"Very funny," the girl said.

The inflamed eyes were moving slowly over her face. Peter wondered if he was telling the truth. He had the definite feeling again of undercurrents. Something seemed to flow out of the very night, and he knew that the desert moon, still low enough for the Joshua trees to cast long shadows, sometimes played fanciful tricks on human nights.

The Joshua began beyond the wash and grew thickly up the alluvial fan, and they grew in fantastic shapes, with arms and sometimes legs, and if you were lost in the desert, and frightened, you saw running men and dancers with long black hair.

The voice made him start. The man had come upon them so silently that Peter was not aware of him until he spoke, although after he was certain that he had felt his approach, had even sensed the heat of his body.

"Are you the gentleman who's been making inquiries about dynamite?" It was a hearty, clipped voice, with the slight accent and the clear enunciation that distinguishes the intellectual Englishman.

He was a big man, healthy and broad-shouldered and sunburned, with pale, shiny blue eyes. He was about thirty-six. He was blond and he wore a neat blond mustache.

"This is Professor Medkin," the foreman said in a voice that sounded relieved. Peter said: "My name is Storm, professor, and this is Sandra Page—Hilary Logan's niece. I'm an old friend of Dr. Logan's."

The big blond man reached out promptly for the girl's hand. He looked over her. And Peter had the definite impression that they knew each other, that there was some bond between them, or perhaps it was that they were merely strongly aware of each other, and he wondered if she affected all men in the same way.

She was smiling up at the blond man and he was looking down into her eyes, making sympathetic murmurs about her loss. Peter became aware, with sharp displeasure, that Sandra Page and Professor Medkin approved of each other. Certainly there was a definite flicker of attraction between them. It annoyed Peter out of all proportion.

He felt a sudden and unreasonable antagonism toward this large, handsome, blond man, and when Professor Medkin turned to him, Peter was certain he had seen him somewhere before. The hand that shook his was large, hot, soft and strong.

Medkin said: "Yes, I've heard Dr. Logan speak of you, Mr. Storm. What a frightful tragedy it was."

The girl said: "Where were you when it happened, professor?"

And he answered, in his hearty, public speaking voice, "I was in the desert all day. I was on the way in—I should say about five miles away—when the explosion took place, and even at that distance the blast was so great that it frightened my horse and I had no end of trouble controlling him. I came riding in as fast as I could and found the laboratory in ruins."

Peter Storm became aware that the fore-

THAT formula is in existence and I can find it," said clever and glamorous Sandra Page to keen-witted Peter Storm, who had just entered and ransacked, "I intend to destroy it. But I'll work with you and whatever gets it first can keep it—if he can hold on to it."

The formula, worth millions, contained the secret for making logotype, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, invaluable for war uses. Peter, that afternoon had agreed with Hilary Logan, the inventor, on royalties to be paid for its manufacture by his company, Allied Metals Corporation, but nothing had been signed. A little later an explosion had wrecked the Logan laboratory on Three Tree Ranch near the town and killed Logan and Simon Ketzler, his assistant.

That evening, when Peter confronted Sandra in his room, she pointed a pistol at him. Peter surreptitiously lifted the telephone, and her words heard at the switchboard brought a detective to the scene. Both Peter and the girl turned on him and he retreated, mystified. She thanked Peter for not having her arrested and it was then she told him her name, said she sought the formula, and had been summoned west by Logan whose niece and heir she was, which Peter knew was a lie. What he didn't know, she had been sent by Brook Van Fell, N. Y. lawyer, in love with her, who schemed to sell the formula to the highest foreign bidder. She was to report on his agent, Scott Higgins, masquerading as Prof. John Medkin, whom he had commissioned to get the secret but didn't want.

Peter agreed to work with Sandra, who both attracted and fascinated him though he knew she'd doublecross him at the first chance. He motored her to the explosion scene, telling her Ketzler had carted dynamite and a fuse to the laboratory. "But he was killed," she cried. "Yes, I don't make sense," he replied, "but it may lead somewhere."

A misanthropic-looking cowboy said he didn't know whether Ketzler had brought out dynamite but the ranch foreman might know. He put two fingers to his lips and gave a strange, wild, helllike whistle.

And Now Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER III.

IN RESPONSE to the strange whistle of the sinister-looking young cowboy, a man with a smoking butt in his mouth, out of the semi-dark. His blue eyes were gleaming, his pale brown hair was rumpled and his beard and face were grim.

No, he knew nothing about Mr. Ketzler's eight cases of dynamite, but said dreamily, "That's plenty of powder."

"Plenty for what happened to that building and those two men?" Peter asked.

"Plenty," the red-eyed man affirmed. "Is there any place where it might be stored?" Peter asked.

"I'd know about it," the foreman said firmly.

"Was there any use here for that much

(Continued on Next Page)



Mr. Lilus Inquires About the Health of a Zulu Baby From His Proud Mother.

Aleko F. Lilus, who has written a number of remarkable stories for *The American Weekly*, is a wanderer with a knack of getting into strange situations and an unusual ability for telling them in picturesque fashion. He is a sort of roving correspondent for this magazine and his articles appear whenever he runs across some adventure which might appeal to its readers. His account of his perilous visit to the notorious Chinese pirate queen Lai Choi, at her secret stronghold, and his description of his shipwreck upon the taboo "Isle of Women" south of Formosa, are still vividly remembered by many readers of *The American Weekly*. This week Mr. Lilus reveals to us the weirdest of his experiences—his adventure with Shendzi, last and greatest of African witch-doctors, who "traps men's shadows."



Torture of a Berhmanaland, Africa, Native Suspected of Causing a Drought. He'll Be Pricked With Spears Until He Rains or He Dies. Gatti Photo.

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SHENDZI is a witch-doctor. The Zulus have many names for her; most curious is one that means "who traps men's shadows." Her reputation throughout South Africa is unshakable and her witchcraft in the eyes of the natives, infallible.

In mentioning her I am using the present tense for she is still alive. In 1937, I visited her in Zululand, where I had traveled expressly to study witches and witchcraft.

Witches and witchcraft... black magic, ghost and spooks!

All the fears of childhood and of the superstitions is embodied in these words. As we grow up—we or most of us—learn, often to our incredulity that our dread of witches has been unfounded; that "ghosts" and "spooks" have their roots in ignorance. But back in our subconscious mind, we frequently lurk that unconscious terror of the uncanny and the weird, of open coffins and graveyards at night.

Is it all superstition? Is there not some basis for the old tales?

However that may be all this is still absolutely real to the African native. To him spooks and spirits are as real as himself; they are beings that eat and drink and think. But, what is infinitely worse, they usually scheme against him.

Consequently, his whole life is regulated by a dread of malicious powers and the machinations of witches, who are the ministers of evil. This fear is never alleviated; it is a heritage from countless generations and has been taken into his system with his mother's milk. As a result, he is constantly on the lookout for omens and signs, and he governs all his actions by the interpretation he or his witch-doctor puts upon them.

And as the witch-doctor is the only one who can save him from evil, the word of this witch-doctor is law, as it has been for centuries to his forefathers. The black man implicitly believes in him, because he has seen such men cured, and well men go in sane or die at the command of the witch-doctor or because of a spell put upon them.

FOR months I had traveled in Zululand, in a car, on horseback, and on foot, visiting native kraals, and studying their beliefs. I lived in native huts, drank sour beer and saw many of the picturesque dances and tribal ceremonies. When I had gained a chief's goodwill I sometimes succeeded in meeting his witch-doctors. Most of them were nice to me; one or two were not. One struck out her tongue when I tried to photograph her. None of them, however, refused my money.

Since the white man's law of South Africa prohibits practicing of witchcraft, it usually took me a long time to convince the Zulus that I was not a police spy trying to get them into trouble. But once the ice was broken—very often by a few sleight of hand tricks on my part to prove that



"Zulu Magic"—Ordeal by Boiling Water for a Suspect Who Has Been "Smelt Out" by the Witch Doctor. Another Gatti Photo.

I was a pretty good witch-doctor myself—they became more communicative.

Most white old-timers scoffed at my studies. Missionaries advised me to leave "this thing of Satan" alone. The local magistrates, whose business it was to try witch-doctor cases, admitted that they knew a thing or two about the practice of black magic in their districts, but, unfortunately, they were not allowed to talk.

But, while these old-timers derided me for my inquisitiveness, nevertheless they would, over well-filled glasses, decry the passage of those romantic days, forty, thirty, or even twenty years ago, when witchcraft was a very real and vital part even of their own lives. It was then something to be feared. In those days witch-doctors, oddly effective ones, were still common. These were the witch-doctors who knew how to do strange things in the realm of black magic, who could cast spells from afar, who could kill or cure with appalling ease.

And, lo and behold, at night they could be seen riding on baboons! However, they had all disappeared. I was told by an old veteran of Nkandha, the heart of Zululand.

Yes, they were all gone—all but one, that is, and that one a woman.

Naturally I pricked up my ears. Who was she? After all, one often hears about these real witch-doctors, but upon investigation usually finds that their reputation has been very much overrated.

Where could I see this remarkable woman?

And, what was more important to me, would she talk? She was Shendzi, the most feared witch-doctor of Zululand. I was told, as far as my grizzled spokesman knew, Shendzi was the only one left of the "old school." He assured me that she could still perform "real marvels" and that there was but little doubt that she could kill by simply wishing death on her victims.

Shendzi was said to live in a kraal southeast of Quteni, somewhere near one of the highest peaks of the Zulu ranges. The old-timer was dead certain, however, that it would be useless to approach her; money could not buy her secrets—as many had already learned.

This Shendzi was exactly the sort of person I had been hunting for months.

To get in touch with her was not an easy matter.

AFTER an arduous journey by pack horse to the kraal where she was supposed to reside, I sent a Zulu boy to tell her that I wanted to see her. He came back in a hurry, and very scared, with the answer: nothing doing. Shortly thereafter I heard that she was visiting a neighboring kraal and I went there. When I reached it, it was deserted.

So, after weeks of fruitless endeavors to contact her, I was inclined to believe that Shendzi did not exist at all, that she was another myth, perhaps only a bogey invented to frighten naughty Zulu children.

Shendzi, the Last Witch Doctor of the "Old School" Photographed by Mr. Lilus in Her Full Witch Paint and Regalia, Including the Wonder Working Whisk and Small Killing Assagai.

And, what was more important to me, would she talk?

She was Shendzi, the most feared witch-doctor of Zululand. I was told,

Then something happened which, with dramatic suddenness, brought me face to face with Shendzi, and there was, to my way of thinking, plenty of black art in it. Even today, almost three years after it happened, I am still shuddering at the thought of the possible consequences of my adventure and I am firmly convinced that somehow it was Shendzi's intervening magic that frustrated, maddeningly "from afar," my untimely death.

I had gone to visit the European postmaster, Quteni, Mr. Freder Titlstedt, a Norwegian by birth, I had an idea that he could help me in contacting Shendzi. He has a reputation among the natives of being a pretty good witch-doctor himself.

For years he has been a student of psychic and hypnotism, the latter on a wholly scientific basis. He frequently used to hold meetings in which he put the Zulus to sleep by suggestion—or mass hypnotism—not difficult to do these impressionable people. In this way he cured pain and mental ailments. A favored of his is to put to sleep both parties in a dispute to induce friendly feelings during the "sleeping" and thus have matters "settled" on their own terms.

The authorities knew that he never accepted penny for his "services," and while they at looked askance on his mysterious activities, soon realized the good he was doing and allowed him to continue his unusual practices.

So the Zulu witch-doctors considered Titlstedt a privileged medicine-man of sorts, and yearned to learn his "secrets." They did not believe Titlstedt's protests that he had no secrets, hide, no magic formulas to concoct, no gory

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SHENDZI- Traps Men's Shadows" Aleko E. Lilius



Photograph of a Zulu Warrior Cutting a Tuft From His Sleeping Enemy's Hair, Which He Will Use to Cast Harmful Spells, Posed for Commander A. Gatti, Noted Explorer, by Somewhat Reluctant Natives.

There was no difficulty in locating this isangoma, because he had arrived with the messenger and was waiting with his wares on the Tlilestad front porch. He was an elderly man with a grey beard. He wore tattered khaki shorts and an old faded tunic, probably a relic from the days of the Boer War.

He had been sent by Shendzi, he explained, and was anxious to return as soon as he had "performed." We told him to go ahead.

The old man squatted down, pulled out his little bag containing a collection of time-worn, brown bones (several of them human), teeth and claws of lions and monkeys, and several strands of hair of unknown origin. Then he spread a small straw mat before him, waved his "magic" hair whisk, threw the bones and then sat a long while studying them meditatively. Apparently dissatisfied with their position, he scooped them all up, waved again with his whisk and threw them once more.

This time their position must have been right. There followed rapid-fire instructions to Tlilestad in the peculiar click-clack tongue of the Zulus; whereupon my host informed me that everything had been satisfactorily arranged for a meeting between Shendzi and myself. One thing had to be done, though I had to give the bone-thrower ten shillings.

The next day, a Sunday, I left Qutoni. Tlilestad had given me a Zulu, a Christian, to act as a guide. His name was Massala. He was about forty, bright, smiling, and he spoke remarkably good English. We had before us a twenty-three mile horseback ride, mostly up and down ridges, but as the day was cool, I enjoyed the excursion.

Later in the morning, however, the sky became overcast. By noon, a rising wall of black, threatening clouds rapidly darkened the horizon. Soon the deep, low rumble of distant thunder reached us, and, as an hour later we arrived at the half-way point to our destination, a few heavy drops of rain began to fall. We had reached the bottom of a canyon, where Massala said that there was a large cave in which we could seek shelter from the storm.

We unsaddled the horses and tied them to a big acacia tree. Upon inspecting the cave we found someone else already occupying it—a Zulu woman. Since there was room enough for all of us Massala explained that it would be no breach of Zulu etiquette to share the same quarters with her. Besides, this was a case of emergency. She had built a small fire of dry wood, found in the cave, and was cooking mealies (corn meal).

Lake most Zulu women, she was courteous and friendly and moved aside without protesting. In the darkness inside the cave I did not see her face very well, and as she showed no interest in either us or our belongings, we paid little attention to her and settled down for a few hours of patient waiting until the storm had passed and the roads dried up.

I looked through the cave opening. Our horses, heads hanging, stood under the tree waiting for the storm to come. Looking up, I saw a vulture, its wings folded, shoot with incredible speed

like a black streak against the sombre background of inky thunder clouds—towards the protruding pinnacles of the granite wall hovering straight above us.

A gust of wind howled outside. Then came a blinding flash of lightning. I thought that it had struck the very mountain in the interior of which we were sitting. It was followed by a crash of thunder, as sharp and deafening as the discharge of a cannon. A heavenly bombardment began, the like of which I have seldom witnessed in all my many years of travel.

In ten minutes it had passed, however, but then the rain came, not in torrents but in solid sheets. The creek which had until now been peacefully creeping along the bottom of the canyon, was rising each minute. Its water soon filled a large indentation in the ground outside the mouth of our cave, and soon found its way inside. There must have been an outlet somewhere, because the water never collected but disappeared between two large boulders at the cavern's bottom.

Rains after a violent thunderstorm usually don't last long, but this downpour showed no signs of abating. Massala produced my blanket from the pack and calmly announced that we would have to stay here for the day, and, perhaps, also through the night.

I realized that he was right, rolled into my blanket and dozed off. When I awoke, it must have been late, for a night sky showed outside, and in the cave it was getting cold and humid. The woman with whom we had shared the hospitality of the cave was gone, and I did not notice Massala anywhere about.

The fire was dying. A small flame flickered listlessly until, with a last desperate flutter, it ceased to exist. A thin whisp of smoke hovered like a grey, streamlined ribbon, in the air.

Suddenly I was wide awake. Next to the grey, hot ashes I saw something move. It slithered closer toward the glowing embers. The slightest move on my part, no matter how swift, would have resulted in a still swifter attack by the reptile, which I recognized as the deadliest of them all—a mamba!

I was so frightened that I could not move. I was completely paralyzed. Instinctively, I looked for Massala. I saw nothing or nobody in the dark.

The snake came closer. I knew that if I alarmed it in any way I was doomed. . . .

Then I discerned a dim figure standing in the smoke. It was a native. I didn't know whether it was a man or a woman, and I was about to try to warn him, or her, to stay away as there was a snake inside and to get a stick and kill it, when I heard a voice distinctly pronounce in Zulu: "Ni za ku la'a! . . . ni za ku la'a!" . . . (You are going to sleep . . . you are going to sleep . . .)

The voice had an unusual commanding quality. It was not sharp, nor hollow, nor dramatic, but its message was urgent and insistent. I knew the meaning of these words. They fascinated me to the extent of even making me forget the deadly danger lurking at my feet.

The voice was louder now, its command pressing me . . .

"Ni za ku la'a! . . ."
A strange numbness crept over me. My arms grew so heavy that I could not lift them. There was a peculiar pressure over my temples. The grey embers faded, disappeared. Slowly darkness enveloped my whole being.

I believed that I saw a star above me, and a bright, red moon rising over a hilltop.

I thought I was riding a horse, alone. On both sides of me were running a pack of dark shapes, packs of hounds or jackals, or baboons. They were running with me, in the direction of a native hut standing on a mountain ridge. I spurred my horse into a canter, but the faster I rode the farther away remained that hut. . . .

I awoke with a start.
I had again heard a voice command in Zulu. I heard it distinctly saying:

"Wuga!" (Wake up!)
How long I had been asleep—if I had been asleep at all—I do not know. I remember, though, that with returning consciousness the red moon dissolved into glowing embers, over which stood Massala blowing hard, trying to revive the fire. Beside him lay a bunch of mountains.

There was no one else visible, no native figure beyond that of Mai: ala standing in the smoke. Nor was there any sr ke.

Slowly the suspicion got hold of me that, perhaps, I had dreamt "out the snake, too."

However, in the ashes and loss and covering the floor of the cavern, in the light of the re-kindled fire, could be clearly seen the telltale track of a large, writhing body!

Wide-eyed with horror, Massala pointed at it. To him it was an unpleasant surprise. He recognized the track at once; all natives do.

"Mamba," he said.

So, after all, I had not been dreaming—

THE next day we rode up to the kraal where Shendzi lived, but upon approaching it, it seemed as if nobody were home to receive us. I told Massala to shout. He assured me, however, that the people were at home, only it would not have been according to the best Zulu Emily Post to rush out and greet me. The absence of this greeting was a heritage of yesteryears when, arms in their hands, the Zulus were always prepared to meet an enemy. To ignore a man's arrival, has, since then, become a way of greeting him as a friend.

When at long last, the chief appeared from his beehive hut, moving with a slow and ponderous gait, a big purple feather stuck into his black, woolly hair, and smiling at us with a perfect set of white teeth, he invited us to creep into the hut for a drink of cool, native beer.

Once we were inside the hut, I asked Massala not to beat about the bush, but to explain to him my errand. Without delay Massala plunged into the Shendzi matter. Although the chief had, naturally, been prepared for all this, his official sanction had to be obtained before I could communicate directly with Shendzi.

There ensued a long discussion between Massala

(Continued from Page 11)

there if you like, and you can phone ahead to the Kingman police."

When she didn't answer, he said: "Well, why not? You're the legal owner of the formula, remember? You're dying to get your hands on it so you can destroy it and prevent war from becoming more horrible. Don't you remember?"

"You're driving too fast," she said.

"I'm driving faster than is safe," he said grimly. "Why didn't you have the police search me when you were so sure I had the formula? Why didn't you take that brave detective into your confidence? Shall we stop in Sulphide?"

She had turned her head so that he could see her face.

"No."

"For the first time her amazing resourcefulness wasn't of any help to her."

When she didn't answer or turn her head he said: "Because you're not Hilary Logan's niece. I know that up in that hotel room I knew all about Hilary Logan because I had him well checked up. His only living relative is his sister, Hannah Logan, an elderly, widowed teacher who lives in Lebanon, Pennsylvania."

Peter became aware of a pungent smell in the air that was like the smell of nitrous oxide. And the air was suddenly fresh

and cooler. Somewhere in the mountains it had rained lightly and released the arctic smell which had always puzzled him.

He said: "I don't know who you are or who you're working for. But I assume you don't want to notify the police any more than I do."

She turned away from the windshield and looked at him. Her face looked white and small and her air was humble. She even looked he thought, as if she were frightened.

She said huskily: "What's your reason, Mr. Storm?"

Peter said bluntly: "What do you really know about that formula?"

Frankly very little.

All right. The most important thing about it is that it's unpatentable. The reason is technical. You'd have to take my word that it can't be covered with a process patent, or forced with protective patents."

The girl said promptly: "I suspected that, of course."

"If the police should arrest Ketzler," Peter went on, "the formula would be anybody's property. Even if it weren't published, if it were to reach Hannah Logan, it would still be anybody's property anybody who offered her the most money. Russian, German, Italy or Japan. My company wouldn't have a chance. Hannah Logan is a greedy old woman and she wouldn't hesitate to put money ahead of patriotism. My only chance, if I can get the formula,



is to offer her a fair price for the same deal Hilary Logan accepted."

He drove a few miles along the twisting road before Sandra Page spoke. She dropped her shoulders back against the seat. She said: "Mr. Storm, you might as well know who I am. You're entitled to know, and then a nothing to be gained by lying. I was hired in New York by a man whose name I can't mention a man who is one of the most important men in the British

War Office. He offered me a fabulous amount of money to negotiate for that formula."

"Is Medkin in this?"

"Not to my knowledge. I never saw Medkin before in my life. You've got to believe me."

He turned his head a moment and glanced at her. Her eyes were large and dark. Her face looked white.

Turning back to watch the road, he said: "You've done this sort of thing before."

"I'd rather not discuss that, Mr. Storm."

He could tell nothing from her voice. If she was lying, she was as usual, lying so well that it had all the sincerity of truth. But he didn't believe her.

He was sure she was still lying. Whether she was lying or not, she was still dangerous, still treacherous, still planning a double-cross him at the first opportunity.

He wondered why the pistol with which she had held him up in his hotel room hadn't been loaded!

She said with a note of pleading: "Our status is just the same as before. We both want the formula. I want it for the British Government. You want it for Allied Metals. Why can't we go on working together?"

Her voice had an hypnotic effect on Peter. He wanted to hear her talk. More than anything else, he wanted to hear her laugh. But his suspicion that she was working with Medkin was becoming a certainty.

He believed that she was taking orders from Medkin; that the two of them had planned to rob Hilary Logan of the formula, but that Ketzler, working alone, had been too fast for them. And if it were true that she was working with Medkin, then she was completely ruthless, for she would certainly have known that Hilary Logan, once he was robbed of the formula, must be killed.

She said anxiously: "Our original agreement is still good, isn't it?"

He said curtly: "No. You're too clever and you're too risky. You'll need me if you over-

haul Ketzler."

"I'm letting you off at Kingman," he declared brusquely.

She said nothing for a brief while. The curving road suddenly emerged from the mountains and became a straightaway running along a great mesa. But as far as Peter could see ahead, there was no tail-light.

He settled down and pushed the treadle to the floor. The moon, almost overhead, lighted up the desert brightly, but the lights of mining camps on the mountains on either side and to the south were bright against velvet black.

The big gray convertible devoured the black road and the needle passed ninety-five. The girl yelled above the roar of the parched hot wind: "Car without a tail-light!"

Peter had seen it. It was a prospector's small dusty pickup truck loaded with picks, shovels, canvas, drums of water and gas. Peter swung off onto the left shoulder to pass it.

Sandra Page had slumped again. She shrieked above the roaring: "You can't handle it alone. You've got to let me help. Can't we make a deal?"

He shouted: "No!"

"I'll promise not to let you see me!" she shrieked. "I'll promise not to double-cross you!"

"Then why," he shouted, "do you want to let me see you?"

"Look out for that rock!" It was in the middle of the road. But it wasn't a rock. It was a desert turtle. Peter swerved and avoided it.

"If I work with you on this," the girl yelled, "I'm really some help, why can't your company make some deal with the British Government?"

THEY passed a car with one dim headlight. It was a touring car with the top down and it seemed to be full of people. Mexicans or Indians.

The hardest thing for him to understand was her complete hypocrisy. It was difficult to believe that a girl who seemed so honest, so impulsively honest, could be so dishonest.

Her lovelessness, her physical attractiveness, had nothing to do with this, but her warm coloring did, her eyes did, her mouth did, but more than anything else, her voice did, and her laughter. They were all components of an impulsive, joyous, direct, honest nature, and this consistent contradiction in her baffled and angered him.

He shouted: "No thanks, and don't give me a glance at her face!"

Her eyes were only a few inches from his. What he saw in them was not so much fear as hatred. It glared at him from huge eyes in that white face.

"You're off at Kingman," he shouted.

"If we overhauled them before Kingman—" she began.

She looked away from him and ahead. She shrieked: "Look! It was a white-faced steer, heading into the road from the ditch on the right. Peter applied more throttle and swung left to avoid the steer."

"You're still getting out at Kingman."

The furious voice of the girl yelled.



Peter studied the curving tracks in the flood of the headlights, while Sandra, excited and disappointed over suddenly losing sight of the car they were pursuing, asked, "Which Way?"

said: "You're just what I've always thought! You're a coward! And you're a blatant, cheap exhibitionist! You're a show-off!"

He thought for a moment she was going to slap him. He was entertained and annoyed and he was really for it. But she didn't. She pushed her shoulder hard against his and put her mouth close to his ear.

"Mr. Storm, I'm terribly sorry for that. I forgot myself. What I think of you hasn't anything to do with this. Be a good girl. Let's stick together. I'm not afraid of anything. And I'm a good shot, too. Let me have my pistol. I have a filled clip in my purse."

He turned his head so that she could hear his answer.

She cried: "What's that?"

HE LOOKED at the small, black, furry object in the path of the headlights. "Tartarus. Of course you want your pistol. Of course you want it in your hand, loaded when we meet your pal Medkin. I'm pig-iron trimmed with brass and rawhide, you're sold loganite. If I'm a coward and a blatant, cheap exhibitionist and I must say you're a sucker if you believe all you read in the papers—you're a cold-blooded thief who wouldn't hesitate at cold-blooded murder."

There was a loud rumbling sound on the right side.

"Get back on the road!" she yelled.

He got back on the road. She began to laugh. Not hysterically, or wildly, or eerily, but just as he had heard her laugh at the roulette table and in his hotel room.

It was free, fresh, joyous laughter. It ended in a rapturous gurgle. It mystified Peter, but it didn't anger him. After thinking about it a moment, he decided that it strangely made sense.

"Storm," she yelled, "you're the funniest man I ever knew."

They were approaching the thinly-spinkled lights of a town. Off to the left, down over the hill, was the old gold town of Sulphide. The town ahead was the new silver town of Sulphide.

The road ahead was empty. Peter slowed to seventy-five. Dim lights in closely-stored flicked past.

There was a sudden explosive rhythm beside them not unlike a burst from a twenty-gun.

A man on a motorcycle forged up beside the convertible. Peter exchanged accelerator treads for brake pedal. He pushed hard. Goggled eyes flashed at him as a jerk of the head motioned him to stop.

Sandra Page, one slim hand against her lips, cried: "This is awful! This is the last thing in the world we—"

"This," he interrupted, "is merely inconvenient."

He pulled off to the side of the road.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

A GIRL CAN'T "sparkle" WITH DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!



HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, KEEPS SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!

HONESTLY, MARGE—YOU SEEM LIKE A DIFFERENT GIRL THESE DAYS! SO LAY AND RADIANT... AND HOW I ENVY YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION! TELL ME, HOW DO YOU DO IT?

WELL, HELEN, A GIRL CAN'T SPARKLE WITH DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! AND THAT WAS MY BIG TROUBLE TILL I LEARNED ABOUT PALMOLIVE SOAP!

WELL, IF PALMOLIVE WILL HELP MY SKIN THE WAY IT HAS YOURS, I NEVER USE ANY OTHER SOAP! I'M GOING TO GET SOME RIGHT AWAY!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

HERE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

HERE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

HERE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

HERE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

HERE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

HERE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

BAR MEETS GIRL... "GOODY IT'S CRUNCHY!" "RAVE FOR CRUNCH BAR"



MARTHA RAYE FEATURED IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER"

MARTHA RAYE SAYS:

"GOOD? YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL!"

It's a new taste sensation that words cannot describe! You have to bite into this crunchy chocolate bar for yourself to find out what it's like. You'll

go for it. It's tops, and no fooling. Wonderful Nestle's Chocolate with a crunchiness all its own. At your favorite candy-stand. Only five cents.

Treat the Family—Buy the Economy Size



Send in Your Favorite Recipe! It May Earn \$5 for You

HERE'S a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit. The American Weekly will pay \$5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanac"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue of The American Weekly.

Turn to that page NOW... then read the simple rules that may lead in the easiest \$5 you have ever earned!

(Continued From Double Page)

and the chief. They argued back and forth, until at last, Masala said that it would cost me a whole pound sterling if the chief were to make Shendzi talk to her spirits. As I had been prepared to pay for this privilege, I handed the chief the money. He called a messenger—and dispatched him to Shendzi, apparently with the message that matters had been settled satisfactorily.

Shendzi did not appear, however. Apparently, her spirit was not very communicative that morning. The unfun came back with word that the reason why the spirit was silent was that Shendzi was still exhausted after the talk she had had with the shadow of the strange.

"What talk was that?" the chief asked. The unfun spoke in rapid Zulu, while the chief began to eye me speculatively and with a new degree of respect. "Why?" I wondered. I understood nothing of what the boy had told me. Masala did not translate the message, so I picked up my ears for as many Zulu words as I then knew, trying to make sense from the conversation.

However, I said nothing. We sat and waited. Something was bound to happen. And then it did happen.

A hair-raising scream pierced the stillness of the kraal. Dogs began to bark furiously. Then followed another scream and a third. It sounded as if someone were being tortured and murdered. I felt like bolting for the door, when the chief's big black hand came reassuringly down upon my knee.

"Has Inkosi never heard the spirits talk before?" he asked me through Masala.

"Not in this tone of voice," I admitted. I had, of course, seen many witch-doctors perform. I had once watched a few of the dreaded hula, or "smelling-out" ceremonies, among the natives of the Muni of South Guinea, when the shaman had been rent with the beating of the sacrificial drums as well as the noiseful wail of the doomed witches, but never had I heard such a blood-curdling yell as the one now falling on my ears.

Screen after screen followed—then effect certainly was worth all of the pound I had spent the chief.

Then suddenly, Shendzi herself appeared in the door of the hut. No stage manager could have arranged her entry better. It was highly dramatic and most effective.

There she stood, a picture of horror, a hideous figure, her face painted ghastly white, her hair "adorned" with a cluster of inflated gull bladders, her body covered with narrow strips of jackal skin. She held a whisk of human hair in one hand, in the other a short-shafted assegai. Slowly the convention came to me that I had seen this woman before.

I knew it. . . this was the one who had been in the cave who had commanded me to go to sleep!

I asked the chief if Shendzi had recently been absent from the kraal. The chief shook his head. I said no more.

I was fascinated, thrilled. All she lacked to make the picture of a horror-inspiring sky-rocketing witch of our childhood days complete was a broom.

At this point the spirit must have urged her to talk again, because she let out another of her blood-curdling yell. She was standing on the middle of the floor and now she began to dance. It was the dance of her spirit.

At first her movements were slow, she held her arms outstretched, occasionally flapping them like wings. Then she began to whirl, at first slowly, then faster. She suddenly stopped whirling and began running in circles, which gradually became narrower.

In the meantime, many members of the tribe, men, women and children, as many as could flock outside the narrow doorway, were staring wide-eyed at Shendzi's performance. It was, no doubt, the first time within their memory that their famous witch-doctor had ever performed the spirit dance before a stranger—and a white man at that.

At last, exhausted, Shendzi dropped to the floor where she lay still, panting heavily.

No one moved, but as if everybody were waiting for an imaginary curtain to rise for the next act.

Then Shendzi began to talk. Her words came in a peculiar staccato, much emphasized through the characteristic clicks and kissing sounds of the Zulu language. Now and then she interrupted herself by throwing several fits, that did not last long, however. Between these she continued speaking; no one asked her any questions, everybody was listening to her with intense attention.

From the looks and from the



Here's a Photograph of an Herbalist in Zululand Caught With His Best Sniffing Bedside Manner All Ready in Try His Cures on Some Amazing Evil-Tribesman.

few words I understood. I guessed that she was speaking to me. The most interested persons were the chief and Masala, occasionally they exchanged a few words between themselves accompanied by furtive glances at me.

Finally, I could not hold it any longer. "Masala," I whispered. "What is all this talk about? Tell me everything."

He glanced at the chief who nodded acquiescence. Then to my surprise, Masala began to tell me the story Shendzi had been "told by the Snake Spirit," how on our way to a kraal he had sought shelter in a cave from a storm, how a snake had almost attacked me, how Shendzi had been warned by the moon to go "beyond the shadow" and rushed to my assistance and saved me from the danger "by the power of the word."

To say the least, I was flustered. What did she really know about my peculiar dream—and what had really happened? Whatever the truth was, I realized that Shendzi was a remarkable person and, of all the witch-doctors of Africa, I had no far more the most interesting. So I bowed my head in silent acknowledgment of the truth of her statement.

She next ordered me, in a rather peremptory manner, I thought, to pay the chief another pound and also to give him enough money to buy another Zulu woman (room) to bring more beer to bring her three yards of red calico, four ounces of red and blue beads and, finally, to give her the price of two white pullets, which amounted to one shilling.

Expense as this introduction seemed to me at first, I agreed to everything. FROM then on—the ice broken—my investigation became a comparatively easy matter. I pitched my light tent . . . my distance from the kraal. The Zulus were very friendly, and I visited the chief almost daily. I stayed here for almost two months, during which I learned a great deal of Zulu.

Each visit to Shendzi, however, cost me an average ten shillings in "spirit money." In the long run the knowledge I gained was well worth the expense. Shendzi always appeared before me in her make-up, but she never showed herself to me without paint on her face. I could not accurately describe what she really looked like. I should judge, however, that she was about forty, and not bad looking as Zulu women go. She was tall and slender. Twice she refused to see me, because I had not warned her about my intention to visit. Always, before seeing me, she had to consult the spirit and I had to wait outside the hut until she was through with her bowing.

Once, after I grew to know her quite well, I looked her over, her alleged part of my cave adventure. She instantly assumed her professional pose and began to bow. I asked her to give me another demonstration of her remarkable power "to see beyond the shadow." She finally promised she would see me still hurt. I could see that before I left the hills of Zululand, she promised I would have another proof of her power. She kept her promise, of which I was not bowing.

Once I asked her if she really could make her "shadow" (that is her secret wanderer from her body; not in a dream, but actually, so that she could be seen by others—like the time she said she had visited us in the cave).

A little impatiently she assured me that she could make her and wander away and that she had done it many times. It

was a very dangerous performance, however, because, as the body lay soulless the spirit

might not find its way back in which case she would become in same as dead.

I immediately offered her as much as five pounds for a demonstration it would have been a true case of astral wandering, but she refused. Which might prove that in Zululand money perhaps does not always talk. She told me how she had become a witch-doctor herself, not really but piece by piece until I finally got the whole story together. About fifteen years before she had been violently ill. Persistent abdominal pain drove her almost insane. One night it became so bad that without knowing what she did she left her kraal and her husband and disappeared into the mountains. Here she stayed many days and nights without eating and drinking.

At last, one night the moon was new. "The spirit" showed itself to her. It seems that spirits speak to humans only when the moon is new, while humans speak to the spirits only at full moon.

In describing "the spirit" she was rather vague as to its looks, all she could tell me was that it had a terrible voice. It ordered her to go back to her kraal, leave her husband as she would never be able to have a child and see a famous witch-doctor by the name of Mhakule who would teach her how to see and trap "men's shadows" and all the other secrets of witchcraft. She would then become an ungoma and if she hereafter obeyed the spirit implicitly, she would be a witchcraft. Then, when Mhakule in the whole of Zululand. She would have to submit to an unpleasant initiation ceremony, as do all witch-doctors but thereafter she would be the power to heal and to kill, and what Mhakule could not teach her about medicine, would be revealed to her in her dreams.

Shendzi did as she was bidden and the spirit has kept his part of the bargain; today Zulu, both men and women, come from afar to consult her and to seek remedies for many of their bodily and mental ills. I was told that she

prophets was the richest native woman in Zululand. The ask her advice cost at least one hundred cattle. Today she owned him a house of beads.

I asked her about the dreaded initiation ceremony. She refused to speak about it beyond indicating that it took place either inside or outside the kraal, a very important thing to know in a secret society. She said that she would not tell me when the next initiation was to take place.

As far from Shendzi that I knew of the "social" side of the life of the South African world of witchcraft. The men witch-doctors are the "secretists." They are the herbalists, healers, ungomas, who know the laws of the moon and of the stars, the laws of the heaven and earth, the laws of the spirit and of the body. In the elden days, before the advent of the British, all the

ungomas could perform the troubled hula, or "smelling out" of witches and thieves. The bone-thruster ranks lowest in the social scale of the Zulu, with doctors as he is considered to be just another soothsayer. The herbalist, however, is a leech with a genuine knowledge of healing plants and of the art of setting broken bones. The rain-maker is as can be imagined nothing but a well-paid humbug. Since his "knowledge" is vital to the Zulu, agriculture, he ranks next highest after the rain-maker, who, however, will have to wait for the next Zulu war to make himself useful. In the elden days he was also the executioner.

To obtain results whether for good or evil, all is incantation, spells, medicine. There are spells for every purpose of life from love to death poison. The ingredients of a new medicine are common knowledge among the Zulus, although to be effective they must be administered by

SHENDZI—"TRAPPER OF MEN'S SHADOWS"

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FOR 1940, Oldsmobile gives you everything—in a great big way! And in three Stylerides that now make it possible for you to enjoy Oldsmobile quality and distinction at whatever price you intend to pay.

In the smart, low-priced Olds Sixty, you get more size, more room, more power—with longer wheelbase, wider and lower streamlined Body by Fisher and a new 95 H. P. Econo-Master Engine that further steps up performance yet saves still more on gas and oil.

In the new and larger version of the long-popular Olds Seventy, you get the size, the distinction and the roominess and comfort of a big, impressive Eight-Cylinder car at the price of a Six and with Six-Cylinder economy of operation.

And if you want the luxury, the smoothness and the performance of an Eight, Oldsmobile offers the finest Eight ever designed for the medium-price field—the magnificent 110 H. P. Custom 8 Cruiser, with the longest, widest Unsteelt Turret Top Body Fisher ever built.

All of these brilliant Oldsmobiles give you everything that's new and better—from Hi-Test Safety Plate Glass to Sealed Beam Safety Headlamps. All give you bigger value. So, if it's a better buy that you want, see and drive the new Olds!

Custom, \$807 and up. Sedan, \$853 and up. Delivered at Lansing, Mich. Car includes Sixty 4-Door Touring Sedan, 8899. Prices include Safety Glass, Chrome Window Reveals, Bumpers, Spare Wheel, Tire, Tube, Dual Trunk Horns, Two Windshield Wipers, Vacuum Booster Pump, Two Sun Visors, Transportation based on full rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories extra. Price subject to change without notice. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

AMERICA'S BIGGEST

MONEY'S WORTH!

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SEE YOUR NEAREST OLDSMOBILE DEALER!

**BIGGER AND BETTER
RHYTHMIC-RIDE
CHASSIS
FOR THE SMOOTHEST
RIDE ON ANY ROAD!**

MODERN COIL SPRINGS

FOUR-WAY STABILIZATION

KNUR-ACTION WHEELS

SCIENTIFIC WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION

Built A PRAYER for PEACE



The Creator of the Silent but Eloquent Prayer for International Amity and Understanding Had Most of the Time Built of His Office with an Ordinary Penknife. This Photograph Shows Him Working on the Egyptian Facade.

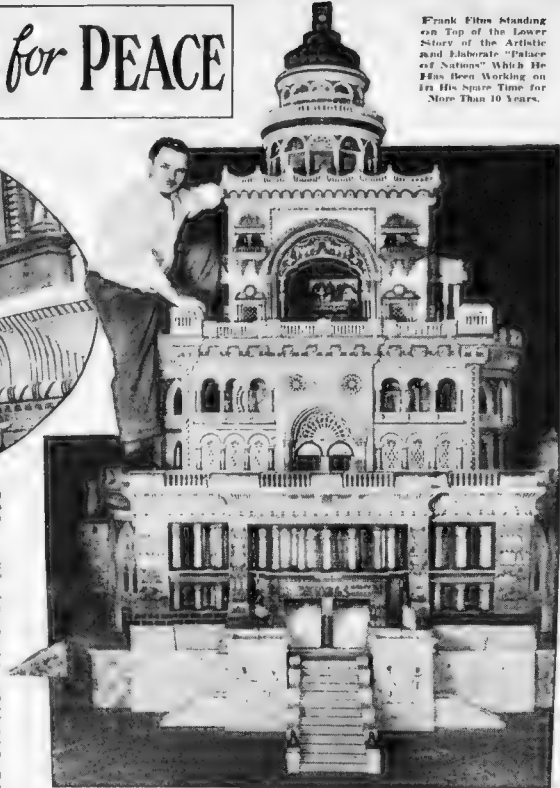
TEN years ago Frank T. Pius, a man who might be called an artist, was in the habit of contributing to international amity and good will by building a "Palace of Nations."

What this determined and idealistic man, an upholder by trade of the old motto, and more than 20,000 hours of painstaking work, can be seen in the photograph on this page. They were taken in the back of his shop, where he is still spending his spare time finishing his elaborate prayer for peace, in spite of the belittling behavior of certain European nations.

The incredibly detailed structure is 11 feet and eight inches high. Right now it contains more than 20,000 pieces of carefully selected wood, ornamental nails and brads. It measures six feet from front to back and is a foot wider than that.

The harmonizing international spirit of the palace is embodied in the clever combining of almost every known type of classic architecture. On the four sides of the tower there are splendid examples of Egyptian, Roman, Greek, Renaissance, Indian and Colonial architecture. Every pillar and post and arch is as it should be. Every ornamental detail is right, too.

As Mr. Pius saw his idea grow he bought enough books and pictures to fill a good-sized library. He studied the basic and the fine points of the world's architecture and incorporated them in his palace. He did



Frank Pius Standing on Top of the Lower Story of the Artistic and Elaborate "Palace of Nations" Which He Has Been Working on for More Than 10 Years.

most of the carving with a small penknife, which he is showing in one of the pictures on this page.

This knave offers just one more proof of the tremendous amount of work that Mr. Pius has labored on his masterpiece. When he began his home, the block was six inches long. Now, as the picture shows, it has been worn to a third that size.

Not only in the architecture but in the decorations, too, has the patient craftsman carried out the truly international character of his creation. The bas-reliefs on the walls, for instance, were taken from original Egyptian documents, figures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and copies of treasures in the Vatican Museum. The sculptures at the corners were copied from the works of the old Greek masters. All other decorations in this wonder house were executed with the same care as to source material and detail.

Mr. Pius hopes that, in some manner, his monumental piece of model building will contribute to the spirit of peace. He thinks that it might be a good idea to put the structure on public display so that thousands of people could see the strange sort of museum that can be achieved by combining the radically different types of architecture of different lands and races.

Colonialists who have examined the building are amazed at the skill of its creator and at the patience that has gone into this silent but eloquent prayer for international harmony.

NO ONE who doesn't live in Germany, under the multi-ple Do's and Don'ts of the regimented nation's leaders, has any idea of the detailed nature of the average citizen of the so-called Greater Reich.

Perhaps the strangest order of the Reich is the command for millions of Germans who are around and about at night to eat a lot of carrots. And to augment this rabid fear with tortures and regular doses of fresh oil.

This ukase is willingly obeyed, not because the subjects of Adolf Hitler like carrots, but because the vegetables are said

to sharpen up the eyesight after dark. What with Berlin and other German cities being blacked out night after night, just in case French and British bombers should decide to put a little positive action into the war on land, the Germans need all the vision they can get.

Nazi doctors and chemists have a theory—and it probably is a sufficiently correct one—that humans need lots of Vitamin A. If they are to see well in the dark, these experts know that human vision works by a different part of the eye's mechanism in light than it does in bright light. They also know that a person with a proper quantity of Vitamin A, in his system has better night-time vision than someone lacking it.

After careful analysis and experiment, it has been established that carrots are rich in Vitamin A. So are tomatoes. So is fish oil. Hence the thorough-going Teutonic mind goes in for such rubbish under the conditions of modern warfare.

The doctors of every country have had occasion to treat an ill-

Why the Nazis Nibble Carrots

Convicted By the Words of Silent Witnesses

THE old saying that crime doesn't pay was proved in a Yugoslavian court a few weeks ago, and in a way that made headlines in half a dozen European countries.

The principal in the unusual trial was one Veselin Kondich, the country's Public Enemy No. 1. He was charged with a long string of high-handed offenses against the State, including murder, arson and grand larceny. Twenty members of his gang were rounded up by the police and herded into the courtroom in the town of Ranski Most. After a thorough going-over by the prosecuting authorities, most of them were willing to talk—but they couldn't. All twenty of the thugs were deaf-and-dumb.

When Kondich was grilled by the prosecuting attorney he eloquently confessed that he took no one into his mob who could speak or hear. "Men like that," he said, "can't hear what you're talking about. They can't talk back. And I didn't think they could squeal until this trial came up. They're dumber than I thought they were, because they can't send me jail by wiggling their fingers and get away with it."

Both Kondich and the State's attorney were talkative individuals, but neither one got a fair chance to sound off. Most of the trial was carried on in silent conversations and long stretches of sign language.

At several points during the proceedings, Kondich lost his temper when his underlings admitted some piece of damning evidence. He shouted at his henchmen and shook his fist at them—but they only stared dumbly and didn't understand a word of his tirades.

How Bayonets Were Invented

INFANTRYMEN are still winning wars on fronts as widely separated as Finland, China and the Maginot Line. The ability of foot soldiers to take new territory and mop up after-warriors with bayonets is a vital factor in any victory.

Different nations prefer various types of this weapon. The British use a husky, dagger-like affair while the French weapon is longer and rapier-like.

Many authorities believe the weapon is named for the French town of Bayonne where a short dagger called a bayonette was made at the end of the 15th century.

Very few soldiers and not many officers know why army rifles are equipped with bayonets. Patent, scientific investigators of the past have answered that question.

The bayonet, which is really an old medieval warrior's pike spear, was made adaptations to the end of a musket when firearms made their appearance in the middle of the Seventeenth Century.

At this time, the pike, which had played so important a part

HAVE YOU SEEN WONDERS OF NEW LIQUID WAY TO BEAUTY-TEETH?

Newly-found, patented dental cleansing agent responsible for amazing beauty action of new tooth cleaner

Contains no abrasives of any kind. Cannot scratch tooth enamel.

If you want a thrill such as you've never before experienced with any other dentifrice, brush your teeth next time with TEEL. Procter & Gamble's revolutionary new tooth cleaner.

Thousands of people from Fifth Avenue to Main Street are living aside tooth pusses and waxes to enjoy the beauty wonders of this startling new drop.

Teel cleans and shines by helps brighten and beautify teeth in a wholly new way. It's not just an ordinary tooth powder. It's an exciting liquid with "Beauty in Every Drop."

New, Patented Ingredient
Teel is a wholly new dental cleansing agent, this fully patented U.S. Patent. Not only, it multiplies over 10 times in mouth. Gets into crevices between teeth. Acts as a wash away cleaning food particles. Leaves mouth freshly refreshed, helps sweeten breath.

Safe as Water on Teeth
Teel works in hours in wonders without use of acids, gums or abrasives of any kind. It cannot scratch tooth enamel. Not can it wear away tender parts of teeth. Acts as a wash away cleanser. Causes no harmful chemical action. Meets and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Easy to Use—Economical
Just a few drops of Teel on your tooth brush—that's all you need for each brushing. And you may use it as often as you wish. It does not run out. No mess, no waste.

Get Teel today from any drug, department or the store. Let one use persuade you to accept any other dentifrice claimed to be as much like Teel. Remember, Teel's cleaning agent is patented, its taste sensation new and different from any other.

Brush your teeth thoroughly with Teel each time you brush. And your dentist regularly for check-up and his professional advice. With this proper care, see how much more beautiful your smile will be.

Teel Liquid Dentifrice is an amazing new product developed and guaranteed by Procter & Gamble



NOW MY HUSBAND HAS THE WHITEST SHIRTS IN TOWN!

AND CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS CAN GIVE YOU WHITER CLOTHES, TOO!



AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING LAUNDRY SOAP gives you these 5 washday advantages!

There's a mighty good reason why Concentrated Super Suds has become America's fastest growing laundry soap! It's made with a special blend of ingredients. PRY-A and Concentrated Super Suds gives you a WASHING WASHDAY ADVANTAGES in tub or

on a chute. First, more suds—richer suds. Second, clothes washed faster—colors brighter! Third, complete safety for fabrics and all washable colors! Fourth, saves you time! Fifth, less work—ends scrubbing! Join the crowd! Get Concentrated Super Suds in the blue box today!

Woke His Sweetheart Up With a Sulfate Of Dynamite

(Continued from Page 5)

and finally the witness said "yes." Quite a number of witnesses, besides pretty Thelma, swore they had seen Wyatt at places far enough away to be afraid, but a State's witness spotted has cut only a few blocks from the scene and a few hours from the time of the explosion.

Most damning of all was Mrs. Esther McGowan who testified that Wyatt had made telephone inquiries at her drug store on the outskirts of the city, as in the address of the Miller home. He had been so foolish as to get down the address on a sales slip which Mrs. McGowan kept.

The jury decided that even if all that had been said against Mary Jo was true, still it was no justification for bombing such an extraordinarily big bomb through a lady's window.

So they found Wyatt guilty of burglary at night with intent to kill and gave him 50 years in prison.

Indicating that he intended to appeal Wyatt greeted the jury's verdict with a grin, saying "There'll be a new trial." He added: "Anyway, 50 years isn't long."

SHE "TRAPS MEN'S SHADOWS"

(Continued from Page 17)

the witch-doctor. There are, of course, several imitations, the composition of which is a jealously guarded secret. Mutia may contain anything from an herb to the fat of a crocodile or even parts of a human body. The latter is supposed to be a very powerful component and the Zulu witch-doctors go to any lengths to obtain them, including murder and ghoulery.

In fact, not long ago, a case was heard at Eshowe, the administrative capital of Zululand when several chiefs were accused of "mixing their shadows with huggers." These chiefs had felt that for some time the spirits had been neglecting them, and that witch-doctors had been less successful in the execution of their arts.

The sangomas excused themselves with the explanation that their muti was not strong enough. The chiefs sent out their henchmen to kill a few people. This done, the corpses were quartered, the genitals, the hearts and the fat cut out and given to the witch-doctors. Needless to say, the white authorities caught up with the murderers. They were tried and hanged, with two of the chiefs thrown in for good measure.

Some of the muti, if one is to judge from their composition, must be powerful indeed. I have made a note of several of them.

LOVE POTION

R/One part cuttlefish
One part leopard fat
4 parts vegetable fatty
To be mixed with the girl's spittle and your own. Cover carefully and place on projecting rock near her house. She cannot get it after that. This one will cause the girl to have love fits.

R/One part bird fat
One part washing soda
One part butter
The heart of a cock dove
One part feathers or meat
Mixtures to cause the victim's death, if placed on his feet or sprinkled on his clothes are many and their composition never openly discussed.

DEATH POTION

R/One part human ribs, hair or meat (anyone's)
Add body dirt
One part internal organs of a baboon
One part internal organs of a pig
One part any vegetable
One part any edible animal
And powdered stone struck by lightning

DEATH POTION

R/One part internal organs of woman
One part internal organs of baboon
One part human excrements
One part Unteli bush (very poisonous)
One part powdered shellfish
May be put on accuser's finger, which, if pointed at the victim, will cause instant illness and death. Victim can be saved only if sorcerer at once turns away and sticks his finger into soft earth. Then the medicine will only cause the victim nausea.
Infusions of roots mixed with earth from the victim's footprints and injected into the hole of a snake are also supposed to be very strong death-bringing medicines.

Again if one wishes to kill a chaff or any person of importance.

THE ONE-TOUCH POWDER DEODORANT

Spiro dusts away armpit odor and checks slippy perspiration. Safe after shaving. Safe for clothes. Contains an essential germicide. Also a Shiro Cream Deodorant. If you prefer, Cosmo Little. Try Spiro.

FOR CHEST COLDS AND TIGHTNESS

FIGHT COLD BY GETTING AFTER THOSE MUSCULAR ACHES, PAINS AND CHEST RAWNESS. RUB WITH STAINLESS, SNOW-WHITE PENETRO.

PENETRO MEDICATED RUB

ITCHING AND BURNING OF RASHES. Instant relief coming by use of Penetro. Rub on it today at your drug store. Penetro is a FREE sample. Write for it. Dept. 17, Mail Box 100, New York.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Aleko F. Elihu, Famous Explorer, Who Pierced the Wilderness of Zululand to Win the Confidence of the "Witch-doctor" Shendzi Whose Weird Rites He Describes.

tance, the following prescription proves useful.

CHIEF'S DEATH POTION

R/One part crocodile liver

One part eland fat

Two parts of kaffir

(The fat of a whole man is more powerful however)

If one dies but only teach him a lesson for life, the following is recommended.

R/Take the eyes of a leopard

Mix carefully with the meat of a land crab (sea crab is O. K.)

Put in victim's beer

Soon his eyes will protrude and finally fall out.

A peculiar custom to all Zulu medicines is that they can be poured into the common beer bowl, but only the victim will be affected by the poisons. The rest of the drinkers will neither suffer nor know of the presence of the medicine.

Another way of putting the spell on the intended victim is to smear a little of the muti on the feathers of a bird, which, unknown to the victim or the members of his family, will visit the hut and deposit the medicine.

But, worst of all, in the dead of the night, should the victim see the witch-doctor come riding on a baboon, it is the last thing he will ever see.

MARCH had come and it was time to break up camp, pack my notes and depart. I was genuinely sorry to leave the friendly families in whose midst I had spent the last two months. I had considerably increased my knowledge of the Zulu tongue and Shendzi had added much to my store of information on African witchcraft. But she steadfastly refused to reveal the secrets of the initiation ceremony, or give me the promised demonstration of her ability to "trap men's shadows."

I bade the chief farewell, gave Shendzi a parting gift, and with Massala beside me rode back toward Queeni.

When night overtook us we pitched camp in a friendly-looking gully. The weather was fine and I suggested to Massala that we stay here for a few days while I put my notes in order.

But that was merely an excuse, for in the distance to the south rose the three peaks of the "Mountain of the Three Heads." The moon was two-thirds full and I was playing a hunch.

Sure enough, on the third night we saw a light as of a flickering fire on the top of the mountain. After considerable pressing on my part, Massala admitted nervously that perhaps preparations for the initiation ceremony were being made there.

The next night we heard jackals howl and I saw a large herd of baboons hurrying along a neighboring ridge. Hundreds of vultures suddenly appeared and began circling above us.

Massala's uneasiness increased. While he professed himself to be a good Christian, nevertheless his Christianity was only skin-deep. He suggested that hearing jackals and seeing both baboons and vultures were bad omens indeed, and urged wholeheartedly that we should be on our way. I did not, of course, agree.

The following night the jackals howled still louder and we could hear the menacing grunts of baboons. Baboons in a herd are dangerous folk, no matter how well armed a man may be, for we carried no arms beyond my automatic pistol. In the morning we discovered that we had lost almost all our provisions to the

thieving apex, and there were plenty of jackal tracks on the dew-wet ground outside the tent.

Massala insisted that we must move. I said we would, but before leaving I wanted to pay a certain hilltop a visit. Tonight it would be full moon. Massala looked horrified. He knew what I was up to now.

He begged me to leave the witches alone. However, he finally agreed to come along.

We saddled our horses and for two hours rode towards the three-headed mountain top, now clearly outlined against the moonlit horizon. The howl of the jackals became very clear. We turned the horses uphill and soon arrived at the foot of our destination.

The moon was white and full and the higher it rose, the darker grew the shadows, one could imagine strange beings lurking within them.

Suddenly my horse shied. I pulled it up with a jerk. A new sound had reached my ears, an incessant jabbering mixed with the tramp of soft feet.

"Baboons," whispered Massala alarmed. I had trouble holding my horse; it was so noisy, silly and wanted to bolt downhill.

There they were. At last I discovered them, a large flock of these ugly monkeys, all moving swiftly along a ridge a considerable distance from us.

"They go," Massala whispered.

"The witches have called them."

Sometimes, the noise they made sounded like the crunch of wind driving before it dry leaves and loose sand. They came in broad, black streamers, there must have been several hundred of them. There must have been more than one herd, perhaps two or three, joined together.

Baboons on the warpath! Never once did they stop to investigate the ground in search of roots, as is the habit of baboons, and they seemed completely unaware of our presence.

Heaven help us, I think, if we see the sangomas come riding astride them," he warned.

"Shut up, Massala!" I ordered.

Frankly, I did not feel too good myself. . . . that much had my study of the black man's witchcraft done to me. After all there are a few things in this world man does not as yet comprehend and cannot explain.

Now the horses absolutely refused to budge. No amount of urging could make them take as other step. In desperation we dismounted, and tied the horses in a low cushion-like tree.

There was that howl again. This time it sounded almost human. Massala, hearing it, also refused to go further.

If those were human cries then truly the "witches" night had come, the night I had so long and so desperately wanted to witness. It would be the crowning feat of many months of travel and study. If I only had had my camera along, and if only the light conditions had been different, then, indeed, I could possibly have brought home invaluable scientific material.

I knew then that somewhere among these gullies, beyond the boulders above and ahead of me were black, hairy men, moon convoked in secret conclave to become the handmaidens of the Unknown Spirit of Africa's dark powers.

Leaving Massala to guard the horses, I silently crept ahead, constantly and laboriously climbing upward. There were low bushes and dark boulders in the way, but I saw nothing, only heard the cries of jackals, or humans trying to imitate their call.

At last, I thought I saw something dark, something very like a human form cross the open space before me near the edge of a plateau formed by several large, flat rocks. I sensed the faint odor of smoke, but as I was no fire. For a while I did not move, hardly daring even to breathe. I only hoped that the horses would not give me away by neighing. The night was very still. Then another jackal howled. And a third a long, mournful wail.

I left my hiding place, crept on my stomach, inch by inch, a little scared for snakes and aspens with which moon tains like this abounded.

And suddenly I came upon them.

There were six of them.

They were sitting in a circle around a hearth of glowing embers on which an evil iron kettle bubbled.

It was all there. I did not dream this I am merely describing things as I saw them.

(Continued on Page 18)



In between the others...
SMOKE A KOOL

YOUR THROAT
WILL LIKE
THE CHANGE

THE MILD MENTHOL
IS DEFINITELY
REFRESHING

YOU'LL ENJOY
ALL YOUR
SMOKING MORE

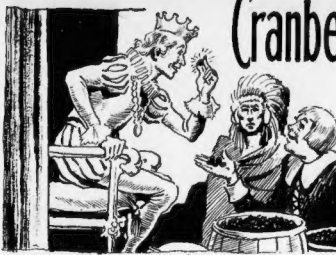
P.S. KOOL Cigarettes are so much easier on your throat, lots of folks smoke 'em all the time.

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B & W COUPONS ALSO COME WITH RALEIGH CIGARETTES & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO



Cranberries Carry Winter Cheer

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

garnish for salads and desserts. It's easy to candy cranberries in a simple sugar syrup, and use these candied fruits to give a last bright touch to many dishes of the cold weather months.

Cranberries, cooked carefully in a clear syrup, leaving each berry separate and whole, make a most appealing and effective sauce for puddings, cakes and baked goods of other types. In an upside-down or glaze cake, this appearance is most attractive.

In muffins, jelly-roll and other breads the cut berry also shows up a pleasing color contrast to the white or ivory tone of the baked good or cake. For small pastry tarts, too, as well as for a large Winter "mock cherry pie," the cranberry supplies a decorative epilogue in the form of a rich, bright filling, which shows up well behind the bars or

lattice strips of pastry. Let cranberries carry cheer and health and tonic, too, throughout the Winter season. The dish is more festive if it bears the grace and color of the vibrant cranberry.

CRANBERRY DISHES.

Cranberry Cocktail: 4 cups cranberries, 1 cup sugar, 6 cups water, ½ cup lemon juice. Chop berries or run through food-chopper. Add sugar and water, bring to boil, and boil five minutes. Strain, coarsely add lemon juice. Makes about 1½ quarts. Recipe may be doubled and bottled white-hot for future use.

Cranberry Cocktail Cake: 3 grapefruit, 2 cups cranberry cocktail, mint or laurel leaves. Freeze grapefruit sections from membrane and arrange in glasses. Pour over cocktail juice and garnish with leaf. Serve very chill.

Cranberry Stuffing: 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, ½ cup butter, 1 quart dry bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon sweet marjoram, 1 tea-

spoon salt, 1 tablespoon minced onion or onion juice, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup chopped cranberries. Sauté celery and parsley in butter 5 minutes. Combine with bread-crumbs, spices, and then add sugar berries. Mix thoroughly, and use with duck, pork or goose.

Cranberry Sherbet: 4 cups cranberries, 3 cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons bitters, dash of salt. Combine berries and boiling water, and boil rapidly until skins pop open. Force through fine sieve and add sugar. Add gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in cold water, and stir to dissolve. Cool. Add lemon juice, bitters and salt. Turn into refrigerator jar, and freeze until firm, stirring occasionally. Serve in orange cups or grapefruit shells as relish to roast poultry and meats. For more spongy mixture, fold in stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Makes about 1 quart.

TO WOMEN AFRAID TO DYE THEIR OWN HAIR!

FOR YEARS, many women have been afraid to dye their own hair. There have been many reasons—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, fear that the dye will destroy your hair's natural beauty and shine. And now, with the advent of Lifebuoy Soap, you can dye your hair safely and easily. You can buy at your drug or department store a coloring preparation with a money-back guarantee, that will give you beautiful results. Gradually it transforms gray, bleached or faded hair to the shade you desire. And it is so perfectly that your friends won't guess. Promotes a lustrous hair dye.

MARY T. GOLDMAN GRAY HAIR COLORING PREPARATION Sold only through drug and department stores.

Mrs. T. Goldman Co. (1) Black (2) Dark Brown (3) Medium Brown (4) Light Brown (5) Blonde (6) Ashes (7) Gray

This preparation will not interfere with waving or the natural shine of your hair. It's easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can go wrong! Although Mary T. Goldman Gray Coloring Preparation has proved itself, it is not a hair tonic. It is a hair dye. We will color it for you without charge, and return it to you with a complete free test kit so that you can make the same test yourself and compare your results with ours. If you prefer, you need not use the test kit to obtain the free test kit.

This is the age of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Science now tells you what causes

UNDERNEATH THE VENEER OF CIVILIZED MAN

There are about 1000 sweat glands per square inch on each arm. Any confined areas are prime "danger spots." Any little nervous upset brings out nervous perspiration here.

There are about 1600 sweat glands per square inch on each palm. Ever had a moist, clammy palm when you entered a room full of people? Ever rubbed your palms before you shook hands? Then you know what nervous perspiration is.

There are about 1575 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of each foot. Nervous perspiration here has caused trouble for millions. There are other places, too, that cry out for the daily Lifebuoy bath that makes you protected—poised—pleasant—to others—guarded against "nervous B.O." for hours and hours.

(NERVOUS BODY ODOR)

—and no one is free from the workings of his nerves

YOU have over 2,000,000 busy sweat glands in your body. Nervousness, strong feelings—cause sensitive nerves to signal to the sweat glands, and out comes nervous perspiration. Unless proper precautions are taken, this soon becomes "nervous B.O." This perspiration has nothing to do with heat or exercise or season. You may not see it. You may not feel it. But it comes any time to anybody. Guard against this common fault of "nervous B.O." Just change to the tangy Lifebuoy daily bath. You'll revel in Lifebuoy Health Soap... its mild, grand lather... that feeling of "glow," like an expensive massage. The crisp Lifebuoy odor's gone in a jiffy, but you have lasting protection from B.O. whether due to tight-strung nerves or to heat, exercise, or hard work.

MORE TRADITIONAL AMERICAN DISHES

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

FROM time to time in these pages we have printed recipes which have become a part of American cooking tradition. Such recipes have always been popular with our readers. Particularly so were the "recipes with the queer names"—Kentucky Burgers, Hopping John, Succotash, Corn Dodgers (Hush Puppies)—which appeared in The American Weekly last November. Demands for "more traditional American recipes" have been constant, so here are a few more—quite as good as any of the others that received so much acclaim!

Pompey Head (Irish Cobb's Favorite). POMPEY has hatched up a new and baked dry—that'll be Pompey Head—and served with hot blacuttis or corn cakes or both, and maybe with a sour cream sauce on the side. You'll eat it, brother, and you'll like it. But for fabricating "Hopping John," you'll take some left-over cold boiled rice—boiled only as it's boiled on the Coast (South Carolina)—in an iron pot, and every grain standing out like popovers—and you mix your rice with cold boiled Crowder peas—only, up country dyes these they're called black-eyed peas, or in some sections whippoorwill peas—and you stir 'em in together. Fry 'em with sweet butter in a hot skillet. And don't bet you won't pass your plate back for a second helping.

Angels on Horseback. SELECT 1 dozen fine, large oysters. Wrap each oyster in a thin strip of bacon and fasten bacon in position with wooden skewers or toothpicks. Put the oysters in the oven to crisp the bacon. Place them on rosin of hot toast. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Fat Rascals. MIX and sift 2 cups sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup flour.

Sea Anemones (For Children). MAKE a little lime gelatin, tint delicately with green color paste. Make a little orange gelatin and a little strawberry or raspberry and tint delicately. In to very tiny fancy molds that have been rinsed with cold water, pour the delicately-tinted gelatin, keeping the colors separate. Doll pans or gelatin molds are about the right size. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Line a large wet mold with clear lemon gelatin. Chill in refrigerator until set. Turn out the little colored gelatin molds and place them on the plain jelly. Add just a little jelly to keep them in position. Chill in refrigerator. Add more of the lemon jelly, to the depth of 1½ inches. Chill. Place more of the little colored molds on the jelly. Chill. Repeat until the large mold is full. Chill until firm. Turn out on large platter. Garnish with whipped cream, delicately tinted with green color paste. This dish is said to be a great favorite in a large hospital for crippled children.

Potlout Tails. BEAM 1½ cups butter or shortening, and ¾ cup sifted sugar until creamy and smooth. Add 1 beaten egg and 1 tablespoon cream and beat well. Add 4 cups sifted pastry flour. Turn out on lightly-floured board, mix well and roll into a circle. Cut out a small round from the center and divide the remaining portion into eight fan-shaped pieces. Pinch or prick the edges, prick all over with a fork, and lay on a buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven at about 350 degrees, until delicately browned.

When You're Tense—Ever make a speech and feel yourself perspiring? Are you shy, easily embarrassed? Interested people... people with personality... respond to their feelings with nervous perspiration. Your daily Lifebuoy bath with its lasting effect keeps you safe from "nervous B.O."

When You're Thrilled—You're excited and you perspire "Nervous B.O." is sure to follow at a time when you're most anxious to please. You go to the movies with an interesting "somebody," get excited. Out comes nervous perspiration. Take care—too life with a confident smile, protected by your Lifebuoy bath!

Don't let "nervous B.O." come between you and others. Each day the warm Lifebuoy Health Soap bath. You'll meet up with a new bathing experience! That mild, generous Lifebuoy lather makes you feel so clean—so keen—so alive—safe, as no ordinary soap can make you feel, from offensive "nervous B.O." "Knotted" nerves, tired muscles, too, relax. Time short? Take a Lifebuoy "quickie"—hands, feet, under arms—you know. You'll feel vastly refreshed by this different soap. And the more often you use it, the greater your protection.

HOW TO GET FULL BENEFITS FROM YOUR DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH

HAVE water warm. Massage with Lifebuoy's mild, creamy lather. How good it feels. Lifebuoy contains a deodorizing, hygienic ingredient not in any other popular toilet or bath soap. You sense a new cleanliness—refreshed, toned up! The crisp, healthy scent rises right away... but you are guarded for hours longer from the offending B.O. that comes from nervous excitement or heat or exercise. Lifebuoy has so many advantages: Keep it handy wherever you wash your hands. Children love to use it. The big cake lasts a long time. More folks like Lifebuoy than any other bath soap. You'll "take to" Lifebuoy, too.

WHEN YOU'RE SCARED—Driving in traffic is a familiar example of the nervous speed-up, when excited glands cause you to throw off perspiration. For your own sake don't offend—use Lifebuoy to protect against embarrassing "nervous B.O."

WHEN YOU'RE THRILLED—You're excited and you perspire "Nervous B.O." is sure to follow at a time when you're most anxious to please. You go to the movies with an interesting "somebody," get excited. Out comes nervous perspiration. Take care—too life with a confident smile, protected by your Lifebuoy bath!

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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP—ITS CRISP ODOR GOES IN A JIFFY—ITS PROTECTION LASTS AND LASTS

20 appeared in any form, and is not to be retained. many friends among those who like cooked green peppers.—Mary Lee Swann.)

© 1940, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved. THIS IS DUE TO VITAMIN A DEFICIENCY. MARK

To save steps I keep
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
in bathroom, kitchen,
laundry, garage



And while you're saving steps
you save time and surfaces
too! For Old Dutch has a ONE-
TWO CLEANING ACTION
—1, cuts
grease
quickly;
2, makes
cleaning
easier. It
doesn't
scratch be-
cause it's
made with
Seismotite.



FREE TO FALSE TEETH WEARERS!

GENEROUS SAMPLE OF STAZE
Laboratory
Teeth show
false teeth firm longer. Its
cream keeps them in place
dissolving action of mouth
fluids gives greater comfort
and security for hours and hours!

MAIL COUPON TODAY
FOR FREE SAMPLE
The Phillips & Neill Co., Inc.
Dept. A-2, Waterville, Conn.
Please send me a free sample tube of Staze.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Almanack Echoes

Custard Pie—And Poetry, Too.

I CAN not tell you how much help the Almanack Recipe page is to me. I had always wanted an old-time recipe for pound cake, and I now have it among my collection of recipes from the Almanack. Thank you, and there are numerous others I am saving," writes Mrs. Edna M. Brown, De Soto, Illinois.

"You really do not know how much help you are giving housewives all over the universe, so I thought I would tell you in a little verse. I hope you like the words, and it is truly in tribute to you and your lovely way of reaching into the spirit of our homes, with your delicious tempting recipes. Here is my recipe for sweet potato pie, like I made up myself. I do hope you like it. But first, my poem:



The Housewife's Almanack
I use it with long eyes,
At some delicious treat,
Made by the skilful, knowing
hand.

You'd think could not be beat.

A dish of dainty cookies,
A crispy golden pie,
A lovely pudding or a stew,
Would make me pause to sigh.

I could not make the mince pies
That grandmas used to make,
I tried, but all they seemed to be
Was one big awkward fudge.

In fact, I used to think that I
Would never be a cook,
Despaired, when I would failures make
From memory or a book.

One day I started reading
The Housewife's Almanack
With every kind of recipe
For years and years' way back.

So thanks to you, The Weekly,
That America's come back
To the grand old way of cooking
By the Housewife's Almanack.

With every kind of recipe
For years and years' way back.
And here's how Mrs. Brown's
recipe for sweet potato custard
pie is prepared:

- 2 medium size yellow sweet potatoes
- ¾ quart whole sweet milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- ½ cup dark brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 2 level tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 eggs
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon allspice and nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ginger

Mash sweet potatoes with butter and salt after taking from fire and draining. Mix flour, sugar and spices and add to above mixture, and blend well. Beat egg yolks separately and add to mixture with honey. Now add the whole sweet milk and mix thoroughly. Last of all add the well beaten egg whites and fold in gently. Pour mixture in short pie crust and bake in moderately hot oven ½ hour, or until a golden brown. This makes three nice pies, and may be served with whipped cream if desired.

A hot potato and a darn good cook. Mrs. Brown. There must be something to that saying about the art of being related. —T.E.R.

A TEACHER WRITES:

Ever since The American Weekly first came into our home, the people of the last page has been the first I look at. The recipes, menus, and articles by well-known household authorities are more than worthy of a place in any woman's scrapbook cook book. I save them all.

A. E. R.
Cherryville, Kansas.

(Coming from a Home Economics Teacher, this makes an very proud of Mrs. Housewife's Almanack page, Mrs. A. E. R. says the Almanack is the kind of thing that adds up the way they should.—The Editor.)

FRENCH MUSTARD

Peel and slice thick 1 large onion into 1 cup vinegar, and let stand 1 or 2 days. Pour off the vinegar and squeeze onions out as dry as possible and discard the onions. Into the vinegar add 1 teaspoon of black pepper, or ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper (we like the latter better); 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 tablespoon of sugar. Rub smooth ½ cup of mustard flour with enough of the vinegar to make a smooth

paste. Heat the remaining vinegar, and add to the mustard mixture a little at a time to keep it all smooth. Then return it all to the fire in the kettle or pan in which the vinegar has been heated. (It should be sufficiently large to keep the mustard from boiling over). Now bring it to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly and watching constantly as it will boil over otherwise, and boil in this way for about 5 minutes.

Then to stand overnight to become thick enough. If put into a glass jar with a glass cover, or a few thicknesses of wax paper, or any other type of jar cover, the mustard will keep indefinitely. This is good for many months.

We multiply the recipe 6 or 7 times whenever we make it, and remember different ones of our friends with a portion.

Mrs. William H. McComb,
Redwood City, Calif.

(We have had many inquiries regarding French mustard, Mrs. McComb's, and find it is the best I have undoubtedly by use by many of our friends.)

PUMPKIN SEEDS AGAIN

Dear Almanack:

After reading Mrs. Grose's recipe for "pumpkin" seeds, I wish submit my tip which was handed down to me from my ancestors as truly valuable. It is not advisable to cook the seeds in salt water, for this not only kills the nutritional value of this delicacy, but it kills the medicinal properties which this lovely but precious vegetable seed contains. Select large seeds, lay out loosely to dry. When dry remove outer shell with fingertips. (If one prefers salt, sprinkle on a little as eaten. We prefer them without, for they really do possess a lovely, unusual flavor.

Mrs. O. A. Louth,
Adrian, Mich.

(Many Almanack readers were interested in "Pumpkin" seeds. The recipe which appeared here recently, Mrs. Louth. Your tip which is so truly valuable is appreciated.—The Editor.)

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Crisp Rye Waivers, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Hash a la King on Hot Buns, Custard, Sweet Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage and Apple Salad, Cup Cakes with Custard Sauce, Dinner Broiled Shad Han Chops, Barbecued Sausage, Whipped Potatoes, Cranberry Sauce, Tomato Salad, Branzino, Lemon Torte, Whipped Cream.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Green Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Coffee, Luncheon Baked Potatoes with Cheese, Vegetable Salad with Tomato Jelly, Ice Box Rolls, Macaroni Casseroles, Custard, Tea with Lemon, Dinner Savory Veal Chops, Broccoli, Baby Beets, Philadelphia Cakes, Spread Apple Tarts with Whipped Cream.	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Coffee, Luncheon Fruit Cup, Hot Potato Salad, Venus Sausage, Ruffs, Celery, Gherkins, Jelly Jambies, Tea or Cocoa, Dinner Boiled Steak, Horseshoe Sauce, Browned Potatoes, Tomato Cabbage, Chilled Green Raw Carrot Salad, Spice Puffs with Lemon Sauce.	Breakfast Shred Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Fried Eggs, Fruit Cakes, Coffee, Luncheon Fruit Cup, Shrimp Cocktail, Crisp Rye Waivers, Ice Box Rolls, Creamed Potatoes and Carrots, Scotch Scones, Raw Fruit Compote, Tea, Dinner Cold Liver, California Style, Peppery Potatoes, Green Beans, Chilled Green Pineapple Ice Box Cake.	Breakfast Canned Berry Juice, Cereal, Peanut Butter and Fruit Cakes, Coffee or Milk, Luncheon Cream Soup, Crisp Rye Waivers, Ice Box Rolls, Philadelphia Scones, Spread Apples, Vegetable Salad, Cup Cakes, Tea, Dinner Creamed Eggs and Mushrooms on Toast, Pear and Pineapple Salad, Macaroni, Rolls, Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit or Tomato Juice, Stuffed Bananas Fritters or Corn Souffle, Bacon, Coffee or Milk, Luncheon Cream Soup, Crisp Rye Waivers, Ice Box Rolls, Philadelphia Scones, Spread Apples, Vegetable Salad, Cup Cakes, Tea, Dinner Creamed Eggs and Mushrooms on Toast, Pear and Pineapple Salad, Macaroni, Rolls, Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce, Coffee.	Breakfast (Company) Bananas with Red Currant Juice, Canned Eggs, Hashed Potatoes, Baking-Powder Sally Lunn, Jam, Dinner Hot Baked Pineapple Ham, Savory Ham, Savory Browned Potatoes, Green String Beans, Hot Lettuce and Cheese Salad, French Dressing, Roasted Chicken, Caramel Sponge Pudding with Cream, Coffee, Supper Cinnamon Toast, Milk.

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

Savory Steak (Kansas).

SEASON 1½ pounds ground round steak with pepper and form into a large oval cake. Brown on one side and then on the other. Remove to baking dish and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Spread with softened butter, sprinkle with salt and cayenne and garnish with French-fried green peppers and glazed silver skin onions.

Calf's Liver (California).

CAREFULLY lard a calf liver. Place in roasting pan and spread with 3 or 4 tablespoons butter creamed with 1½ teaspoons salt and a few grains pepper and ½ cup hot water around the liver, at about 350 degrees, about 1 hour, basting frequently with

liquid in the pan. Remove to hot platter, remove most of the fat from the sauce in the pan, add 1 cup good claret to the sauce and pour around the liver. Serve immediately.

Broiled Steak With

Horseshoe Sauce (Illinois).

BROIL a fine porthouse steak or beef balls as usual. Serve immediately with the following sauce: Simmer ½ teaspoon chopped shallot in 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar about 5 minutes. Wash and cream ½ cup butter and divide in three pieces. Add 1 piece of the butter to the tarragon vinegar mixture and beat into 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon meat extract. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly. When but-

ter is melted, add the second piece and stir constantly until melted. Then add the third piece and stir constantly until it is melted. Add ½ tablespoon grated horseradish root and serve immediately.

Savory Veal Chops (Maryland).

DREDGE 6 veal chops with flour and cook in a frying pan with a little salt pork or bacon fat or butter until nicely browned. Delicately brown 6 small onions which have been parboiled in boiling salted water. To the browned veal chops and onions add ¼ cup tomato purée, ½ cup corn, 1 cup strained and skimmed chicken or veal stock and salt and pepper to taste. Cover and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until chops are very tender.

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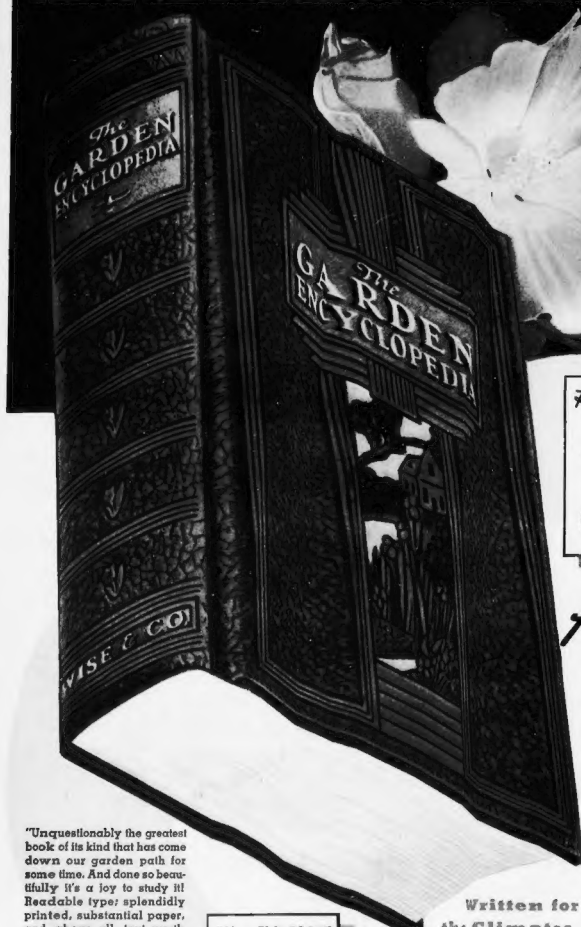


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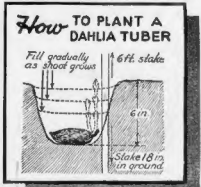
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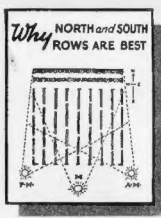
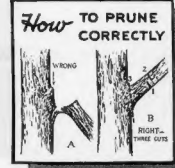
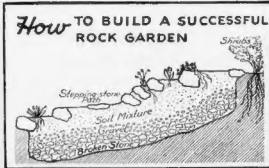
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